The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1895.

The Week.

THE President's choice of a Supreme Court Judge is an admirable one. Judge Peckham is well qualified by character, ability, and temper for service on the bench, and he has now the added advantage of many years' experience as a judge, first of the Supreme Court of this State and later of the Court of Appeals, in which he now sits. His training has thus been of the very best, and he will enter our highest tribunal with every promise of rendering effective service for a good many years. The only criticism that can be passed upon the selection is a tribute to Judge Peckham, that his promotion to the federal bench weakens the highest court of his own State, and leaves a vacancy that it will be hard to fill.

We are sorry to record another "insult" on the part of Great Britain to this our nation, viz., the slowness of Lord Salisbury in answering the President's "definite inquiry." Lord Salisbury well knew that Congress met on the first Monday of December, and that the President had to compose his message during the previous fortnight, and that numerous Congressmen were waiting to offer warlike resolutions based on the British despatch. Were the British Premier really friendly to us, he would have seen to it that his answer got here in time to be of use in stirring up hostile feeling to his own grasping country. Yet he let Secretary Olney's communication lie unnoticed for nearly six months. What this artful peer will probably say in excuse when he is brought to book, is, that during this period he has had pressing on him affairs of vast moment in Turkey and the far East, requiring daily, nay hourly, attention, and involving tremendous responsibilities; that this he has considered real business, while, as the Venezuela trouble has now lasted for forty or fifty years, he thought that six months' more delay in settling it would make no difference, particularly as no action on it was contemplated by any one; and that, as its main use was as a topic for American Jingoes, they would not be sorry to be able to thunder about it for half a year longer. He will doubtless add, that President Cleveland could very well simply say in his message, after the manner of European diplomatists, that "Lord Salisbury had not yet been heard from." But there are few among us, except the hired Cuckoos of Great Britain, who will be deceived by these crafty excuses. That he meant by his delay to insult us, and to withhold from our legislators material for their speeches to which they were entitled, and which, under the Monroe Doctrine, he was bound to furnish, only the Cuckoos will deny. This ignoring of the exigencies of our politics, we may be sure, would never be dreamed of had we a navy commensurate with our population and resources. British sympathizers will do well not to trespass too far on the patience of our people. Mr. Cleveland did well, we think, to show his contempt for his Lordship's petty malignity by going off to shoot ducks before the despatch arrived. There is something about ducks which makes them peculiarly appropriate instruments of scorn.

There was an almost unbroken series of civil wars and revolutions in Venezuela from 1846 to 1870. In 1870 the country became peaceful for a while under Don Guzman Blanco. There were several small rebellions between 1870 and 1888. In this year Crespo, the present President, was engaged in the fighting. But the most furious and largest revolution came off in 1891, over an amendment to the Constitution. It began April 6, and continued with many pitched battles till October, with the usual accompaniments of wholesale imprisonments, massacres, executions, and confiscations. Crespo then got into power, and is there now, but the news of Saturday seems to indicate that another rising against him has begun. Now, this has a good deal of bearing, doubtless, on Lord Salisbury's unwillingness to arbitrate about the settled portion of the disputed territory. It has on it 40,000 British subjects, and the settlers enjoy under British rule permanent peace, security for life and property, and good courts and British criminal law, and appeals in civil cases to the judicial committee of the Privy Council. What the Venezuelans propose—we are not now discussing the right or wrong of the matter—is that all these people should become Venezuelans, and fight for their lives, and be overrun by revolutionary armies about once in three years. They naturally would bitterly protest, if there were any probability of such a thing, and in all likelihood abandon their possessions and move over the line. They have settled where they are, in full confidence that they were on British soil. If Lord Salisbury were to hand them over to Venezuela, he would do what we believe no civilized state has ever done—transfer a portion of its population, against their will, to the rule of a semi-barbarous and unsettled government. No men can understand the feelings of these people better than the Jingoes themselves. There is not one of them who would not treat a proposal that he should become a "Dago" as an insult. We went to war with Mexico and took Texas from her for the avowed purpose of saving the American portion of the population from Dagoism. If Lord Salisbury followed our example, he would fight for the settled portion of the disputed territory, and say the Venezuelans forced it on him. Of course, all these considerations will seem childishness to the Jingoes, if not insulting to this our nation.

The *Économiste Français*, after publishing a table showing that the exportations of the United States to Great Britain in 1894-5 amounted to $387,170,000, while their exportations to all the rest of the world put together amounted only to about $400,000,000, asks "how it is to explain the persistence with which Americans give themselves the pleasure of teasing their principal customer, notably at this moment about Venezuela." "For a long while," it says, "there has existed between England on the subject of British Guiana and Venezuela a dispute about territory called Pomaron, just as there exists another of the same sort between Brazil and France, and it would be easy to raise many others like it between the various American nations." The explanation is not very far to seek. The rational, sober-minded people remain silent on foreign questions to avoid abuse by the newspapers and being suspected of "un-Americanism," and they let the half crazy, the grossly ignorant, and the scheming, rave unchecked, and hurl defiance not only at England, but the whole human race outside this continent. It would be difficult to find a noisy Jingo who knows anything about foreign commerce or its importance.

The Alaskan boundary line is to be settled shortly by British and American commissioners in Washington, after the surveyors have made their report on the verbal description in the Russian treaty of cession. If they are unable to agree, the matter is to be referred to an international commission of arbitration. But, pending the decision, the Canadians cunningly determined to insult our nation by establishing a mail route on our territory. They have "organized" a district on their side of the line, at the request of the local traders, put a police station on it, and set up a custom-house, which is all very well. But they have also made a contract with somebody to carry the mails from Juneau in this district to Yukon, on our side of the line, and, as we hold, in the disputed territory. Their mail line will thus run over forty miles of our soil. But better no mail and no letters, every good American will say, than a foreign mail of this description. The contract has undoubtedly a "string to it." It means a sort of preemption of the territory in question. Our mail-carriers, the Canadians will say, have been on this route for a year. Do you

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mean to say we would run mails on foreign territory? No; the country through which these mails run unmolested is ours. The answer to this from a people 70,000,000 strong is obvious. We must fight; we must stop these mails; we must avenge this insult. We must call home our President from his duck-shooting, and make him attend to this more serious business; trifling as he may think it, Congress is in no mood for delay. Every letter delivered at Juneau deepens the man's infamy—if, indeed, this be possible.

Mr. L. E. Chittenden, in a letter to the *Tribune*, admits that "the President is partly right when he attributes the [financial] difficulty to the outstanding $356,000,000 of legal-tender notes redeemable in gold." But Mr. Cleveland, it seems, "forgets to mention that as early as April, 1866, his own party, aided by a few greenbackers and weak Republicans, tied the hands of Secretary McCulloch so that he could retire only $4,000,000 per month, and in February, 1868, wholly suspended his power of redemption or retirement." What Mr. Cleveland "forgets" is certainly cast into the shade by the achievements in the same direction of Mr. Chittenden and the *Tribune*. The amendment which "tied the hands of Secretary McCulloch" was insisted on by a House of Representatives chosen when the Republicans swept the country by a majority of 406,000. It was submitted by a ways and means committee made up of the select financial authorities of the House. It was adopted without dispute in the Senate, the only serious opposition coming from a Senator of high standing in the Republican party, who objected, not to the restrictions of the amendment—he himself had proposed a similar restriction—but to any law giving the Secretary power to retire the greenbacks. "There is no necessity," Mr. Sherman remarked, in April, 1866, "for this bill for funding the debt. . . . In my judgment, the amount of legal tenders now outstanding is not too much for the present condition of the country. . . . I do not wish now to cripple the industry of the country by adopting the policy of the Secretary of the Treasury, by reducing the currency."

Senator Chandler must have had a keen eye for a coincidence in introducing a bill for international bimetallism just one day after the German Chancellor had opened the Reichstag without a syllable about the subject. The omission must appear ominous to those who were so sure last March that Germany was coming to the help of silver against the mighty. Even the Boston bimetallists, even President Andrews, must now see that international bimetallism has gone oblivion-wards during the past eight months at an accelerated rate of speed. The Balfour bubble burst last September, and now comes Hohenlohe with a long account of Germany's evils and dangers and their suitable remedies, but not a word about bimetallism. How high and dry that Boston bimetallic circular of February, '94, has been left by the stream of time, and how glad most of its signers would be now to get their names off it!

Speaker Reed has announced that this is to be an economical Congress. There is to be no "cheese-paring," after the vicious Democratic method, but rational and well-considered economy. This will be among Mr. Reed's toughest jobs, if he seriously undertakes it. Already the public-building bills are flowing in like a tidal wave, and propositions for coast-defences, costing $75,000,000, are appearing in either house. The truth is, nothing is so unpopular in Congress, or, apparently, in the country, as economy in public expenditures. This is especially the case when economy means retrenchment. Secretary Morton is finding this out. He is about the only administrative officer who took the situation seriously, and, hearing that the Government's revenue was running low, resolutely set about cutting down expenses. In his own department he has saved many thousands of dollars, particularly in the matter of suppressing the seed-distributing nuisance. But already angry Congressmen are inquiring what he means by such impudence, and are proposing to have him investigated or impeached. So hard is it to distinguish between wicked "cheese-paring" and virtuous economy.

Among the financial nostrums of the day none has more adherents than the policy of requiring customs duties to be paid in gold. This requirement, it is said, would furnish all the gold the Government needs for the redemption of greenbacks and for every other purpose. It has a very plausible look, but what does it imply? It implies, first, a premium on gold, since it discriminates against all other forms of money for this particular purpose, and fixes in the public mind a preference for gold. It involves also a repudiation of one of the promises made when the Government began to issue silver dollars, namely, that they should be legal tender for all debts and dues, public and private, "except where otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract." It involves also repudiation of the promise that silver certificates and Treasury notes of 1890 "shall be receivable for customs, taxes, and all public dues." Moreover, no advantage to the Treasury would be gained by it except by ignoring (that is, repudiating) the "parity clause" of the act of July 14, 1890, commonly called the Sherman act; for if gold dollars and silver dollars are to be kept at par with each other, nothing would be gained by requiring customs duties to be paid in gold exclusively. It may be assumed, without going into the subject further, that these several promises are not going to be repudiated. The whole financial strength of the Government has been, and will continue to be, directed to the end of keeping all kinds of money at par with gold. Nothing less than this will save us from a panic much worse than that of 1893. The opinion prevails on the other side of the water that we are destined to see a premium on gold before we reach the end of our financial misbehavior. This is an error, although a very natural one. The powers of the Secretary of the Treasury under the coin-purchase act are practically unlimited. Under this act he could sell bonds at 50 cents on the dollar if necessary, and we have had the repeated assurance that all lawful means to preserve the public credit will be employed.

The *Tribune* is naturally gratified at having won over Stove-Polish Morse to its tariff views. Speaker Reed may remain obdurate for a time, but in the end he will have to bow before the combination of the Congressman and the newspaper most laughed at. The *Tribune*-Morse bill is a little one, of only "twelve lines," not meant as "a permanent measure," but "obviously intended as a bridge," and avoiding the "mass of details" so awkward to statesmen parting the protectionist spoil. As it simply revives the more flagrant schedules of the McKinley bill, it is clear that there can be no question at all of bothersome details. Revived schedule G covers only 81 sections and ten octavo pages; schedule J, 18 sections and four pages; schedule K, 33 sections and twelve pages, and so on. These are not details, they are only a "little bill of twelve lines," statesmanship reduced to its lowest and simplest terms. We say simplest advisedly, for if there is anybody but the *Tribune* and Stove-Polish Morse so simple as to suppose such a bill could be passed without months of ruinous agitation and intrigue and corruption, he has not yet been heard of. The *Tribune* itself does not really suppose it, but only takes this way of venting its spite on Speaker Reed.

Fifty years ago this month Simon Cameron took his seat in the United States Senate. On Monday his son and successor in the Senate, Don Cameron, announced his intention to retire at the end of his present term. The father served in all eighteen years in the body, and the son has now sat there for eighteen years. Each held for a brief period the office of Secretary of War, and the father was also for a brief period Minister to Russia. In office or out, Simon Cameron was the chief figure in Pennsylvania politics for a long period before he turned over the senatorship to his son in 1877, and the machine which the father had built up during this long period served to keep his weaker successor the practical dictator of the com-

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monwealth for many years afterwards. The history of American politics records no other case where father and son have wielded such despotic power over two generations of voters, nor is there any parallel for such disgraceful abuse of power as under this long Cameron dynasty. Thomas F. Bayard entered the United States Senate in 1869 as a representative of Delaware on the same day that his father retired after having been elected for three terms, and the grandfather had served eight years in the same body, after several years in the House, early in the century. Each of the three had been a potent force in the politics of the commonwealth throughout his life, and the Bayard family has thus been longer conspicuous in Delaware than the Cameron in Pennsylvania; but in the smaller State each son came to his place by virtue of ability rather than birth, and no Bayard ever rendered the name of his house a synonym for political tyranny and corruption.

In New York city, Croker has for years received the "campaign funds" and the blackmail money for Tammany, and has never made any report as to the amount he got or what he did with it. In Chicago such funds have been turned over to the Democratic county committee, which also has made no report. At last a protest has been raised against this way of doing business. M. C. McDonald, a prominent member of the party, at the meeting of the county committee last week, charged that during the past two years there had been turned into the party treasury $300,000 from assessments levied on city employees, $100,000 from assessments on disreputable houses, $300,000 from forced contributions made by gamblers, and $50,000 from prominent Democratic candidates for office; that most of this money was not devoted to party purposes, but was used for trips to pleasure resorts in this country, European tours, and the building of expensive houses by the men who handled it; and that even the funds expressly contributed by honest Democrats for honest purposes were not generally so used, and that, when they were so disposed of, no account of expenditures was ever made. Startling as these charges are—or would be if such things had not long been suspected—McDonald's charges are not denied, and their truth is universally accepted. The story affords an interesting glimpse into the profits of the occupation of "politician" in a large city.

South Carolina has a new constitution, the convention which has been in session at Columbia for a number of weeks having adjourned on Wednesday week. Like the convention of five years ago in Mississippi, this body assumed the power to declare the instrument which it had framed operative without ratification by the people. There are precedents for this course in the early history of the country, the first constitution of New York, among others, having gone into effect without submission to the voters. At present, however, there is not a State in the North where such a thing would be thought of, because the people would not endure what would now be considered a usurpation of power by their servants. The feeling would undoubtedly be the same among the whites of the South if new constitutions were summarily declared in operation which took the suffrage from a large proportion of the white voters. As the new qualifications, however, are not designed or expected to disfranchise whites, but only blacks, this method of accomplishing the desired result provokes but little protest from among those who have the means of affecting public opinion. Apparently most of the whites are satisfied to live under a constitution which they have never endorsed, but which accomplishes the main purpose for which a new constitution was desired.

The whites of South Carolina, like their brethren in Mississippi five years ago, think that they have practically eliminated the black vote. Undoubtedly they have adopted measures that will keep that vote small for some time; but nobody who has watched the surprising developments as to negro suffrage during the past quarter of a century, will feel any assurance that this result is going to be permanent. Twenty-five years ago another set of politicians figured out conclusively on paper that the party supported by the negroes would control such States as South Carolina and Mississippi with ease, because a large majority of the adult males were negroes, and the negroes had been given the right to vote. But within ten years the white minority had secured control of both of these States, although theoretically the negroes were allowed to vote. Qualifications for the suffrage have now been adopted, in each State, which theoretically disfranchise most of the blacks, but it would not be surprising if the practical result should be such a stimulation of education that within ten years almost every colored man, when he became old enough to vote, would know enough to pass the educational test. It is a fact of no little significance that the number of negroes who got their names on the registration list in Mississippi rose from 9,036 in 1892 to 16,965 in 1895, thus almost doubling within three years. Nobody can tell in advance how any constitution is going to work.

The *Investors' Review* hits off Mr. Chamberlain rather neatly when it remarks that people who charge him with political inconsistency do not take sufficient account of the commercial form of his intellect. It says: "We never read any of Mr. Chamberlain's speeches without thinking what a splendid commercial traveller he must have been. The last article he takes in hand is always the finest he ever had to vend, and now he vends 'imperialism' better than any." Old-age pensions and the other social reforms which were the burden of his speeches six months ago, are now laid aside like so many unsalable goods, and the "federation" of the empire dangled before the bulging eyes of the people who gather before his counter. The description of the goods, moreover, is always able, if a little shaky as to facts, and the air of sincerity about the whole performance is fine. But what need Mr. Chamberlain care for such nagging criticisms when the despatches tell of his dining twice in one week at Windsor, and of the old Birmingham Radical and his family now being in high favor at court? Political consistency has no such charming results to point to.

In presence of the complications in the Orient, the annexation of Madagascar by France has almost been lost sight of. On November 27 the new Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Berthelot, read a statement in the Chamber affirming that Madagascar was not simply under a French protectorate, but was henceforth a French possession. Ex-Premier Ribot naturally wanted to know what had become of his treaty with the Queen; had that been repudiated? Not at all, rejoined Berthelot, it had only been "modified." Madagascar was a French possession, that was the main thing; and the Chamber, madly applauding, approved by a vote of 426 to 56. Details of administration of this new French territory were left conveniently vague, though it was said that all contracts and engagements made by the Hova Government would be sacredly respected. As the territory thus quietly, not to say cynically, taken over is considerably greater in area than all France, it seems as if a well-considered plan of government were desirable before annexation; as if the blunder of trying the prefecture system in Tonkin should be guarded against; as if the question of necessary ships and army, and their cost, should be carefully weighed, and the general colonial policy of France soberly discussed. But that is not the way territorial acquisitions are made nowadays. Make haste to grab your nettle, and fix up your hand the best way you can afterwards. Doubtless one motive of the French colonial madness, attaining its very pitch in this Madagascar business, is to show the Germans that other people can annex and colonize and expand as well as they. But the dearest foe of France, supposing Germany to be such, could ask for no harder blow to French power than such dissipation of military strength, such new burdens of taxation, such new opportunities for political intrigue and corruption, as are certain to result from these wild colonial ventures of France.

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THE PRESIDENT ON VENEZUELA.

THE President's observations, in his message, on the Venezuela matter were of a nature to satisfy neither our own Jingoes nor the British. He leaves the main points of the controversy in obscurity. He "protests against the enlargement of the area of British Guiana in derogation of the rights and against the will of Venezuela." But this is begging the question. It is taking the side of Venezuela in the controversy, and thus disqualifying ourselves for acting as arbitrators should we be asked to do so. It assumes gross wrongdoing on the part of Great Britain before her side of the case has been heard. If Great Britain is really seeking to extend her territory "in derogation of the rights and against the will of Venezuela," there is nothing to arbitrate. We have only to consider whether or not we will take up arms in behalf of Venezuela.

Nor does the President throw any light on the nature of the controversy. He proposes to submit "the whole controversy" to arbitration. But what is "the whole controversy"? As we understand it, Great Britain is willing to arbitrate as to the boundary line through unoccupied territory, but declines to do so as to territory of which she has long had undisputed possession, and which is now settled by 40,000 British subjects, who do not desire to become Venezuelans, and have invested their capital without anticipating any such contingency. This territory the Venezuelans now claim because it has recently become a gold field. But if they may call on Great Britain to arbitrate her title to this, may they not call on her to arbitrate her title to other and more populous districts of Guiana, and in fact to the whole of Guiana? It must be remembered that Venezuela is a semi-barbarous state, not in the least governed by our notions of diplomatic reasonableness and courtesy, and would just as soon claim the whole of Guiana as not, if she thought there was a chance of our supporting her contention. She does not belong to "the family of civilized nations," properly so called, and we are just as much interested as Great Britain, in fact more interested than Great Britain, in repressing the extravagances and absurdities of these protégés of ours. To ask Great Britain to arbitrate any and every claim such a state may make is an absurdity which, if presented to us, we should promptly resent.

Moreover, the doctrine that all claims of a weak state on a strong one ought to be arbitrated because of its weakness, is a novelty in international law and morals. There are no warmer friends of arbitration than we are, but we have always supposed that the reason for arbitration was to be found in the nature of the case and not in the comparative strength of the parties. If I am a very strong man and have a dispute with a very small and weak one, I cannot, because of my physical superiority, let him slap my face when he pleases, and then propose to arbitrate on the nature, extent, and gravity of the insult. We should not think of accepting such a doctrine for our own use. When we were on the point of going to war with Chili in 1891, we should have scouted the idea of such a thing. Its general acceptance by strong Powers would in truth put a very powerful weapon of injury and arrogance into the hands of weak and semi-civilized ones. We must remember that, in meddling in other people's quarrels, we are making precedents by which we must be bound ourselves, unless we mean to part company with the rest of the civilized world and throw in our lot with Debs, Coxey, and Altgeld.

The question, too, what we should do if Venezuela were to yield voluntarily to Great Britain, by way of "a trade," the territory which the President says Great Britain is now wrongfully claiming, is one on which the President should have thrown some light, for his remarks inevitably suggest it. Should we be compelled to forbid the settlement of the controversy in this way? And if we did forbid it, what would become of Venezuela's sovereignty? Any such interference with her discretion would be tantamount to the assumption of a protectorate, which would inevitably carry with it responsibility in general for the acts of her Government and citizens in their foreign relations. The rest of the civilized world would never tolerate our protection of the whole of the Spanish-American States against the legitimate consequences of their own wrongdoing. There is a dispute, leading to a suspension of diplomatic relations, now pending between Venezuela and France and Belgium. Are we in that also? Must we settle it, or approve of the settlement? The crop of quarrels which might grow out of this would speedily change the character of our own Government and the course of our own political development. The experience of mankind thus far shows that a fighting, aggressive republic never remains a real republic very long.

Lastly, let us say that it is a cardinal rule of international intercourse to carry on negotiations on such terms as shall make it easy for your adversary to yield your point; and the more difficult your point is, the more careful should you be in putting it to him. The "mise en demeure," which is the French term for asking for a categorical, or, as Mr. Cleveland calls it, a "definite," answer, is something which diplomatists usually avoid unless they are prepared for the contingency of a refusal. Are we prepared for a refusal on the part of Lord Salisbury to litigate the title of England to territory of which she has long held adverse possession, and which is now settled by a large body of her subjects? Have we considered what we shall do if he says, "No, I won't"? There are two ways out of the embarrassment in which this answer would place us. One is to fight; the other is to submit to the imputation of negotiating in brave words which have no meaning—which is not pleasant for a first-class Power. Mr. Cleveland has doubtless considered, that, besides the dangerous element among us which would rejoice in a war as a period of confusion and turmoil and lawlessness, there is a strong political element which, like its predecessors in all ages, would rejoice in it as a means of diverting attention from troublesome domestic questions, such as the currency and the tariff, and as an excuse for enormous taxation. What these mischief-makers desire is something which every American statesman should consider in his foreign policy, for they, no less than the foreigners, are enemies of our institutions and traitors to popular government. Every despatch he writes on foreign matters is, and ought to be, in reality also addressed to the Jingo element among ourselves.

AN ILLUMINATING PRAYER.

THE prayer of the chaplain, at the opening session of the House of Representatives, is of considerable value as illustrating the effect of Jingoism, not only on our morals but on our religion. Here it is:

"Heavenly Father, let peace reign throughout our borders. Yet may we be quick to resent anything like an insult to this our nation. May prosperity smile upon our land, and peace and happiness come into every home. So may Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven, through Christ our Lord. Amen."

We do not believe there is any record of the offering of another petition of this sort by a Christian minister. In the Middle Ages, and even in our day, Christian ministers have prayed freely for the victory of their nation in time of war, and they pray freely in time of peace that the enemies of their nation may be confounded. But even Bossuet, who had to make Louis XIV. acceptable to the Almighty, and even Joseph de Maistre, who treated war as a divine institution, would have recoiled from praying for war as a blessing. We pointed out very recently that we were the only nominally Christian people, and in fact the only civilized people, that produced public men who were not ashamed to call for war as a means of educating the young or making trade brisk, or as a means of gratifying the national pride; and not for war, either, with any particular Power or in any particular quarrel, but for war generally with anybody who could be fastened on as an enemy—in fact, war for fun. This shocking spectacle has been reserved for our country in the 107th year of the republic of Washington and Franklin.

In fact, we have an increasing body of politicians among us who talk of it, and teach our children to talk of it, as if it were a game of football, with a large list of casualties; and yet when we think of the floods of misery which pour over the length and breadth of a country from even one battlefield, the savage contempt for

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humanity with which every victor gazes on his dead and wounded, one can hardly help feeling that the prayer for the coming of God's kingdom which rises every day from millions of lips, is the most frightful mockery of which the Christian world is guilty. Among even the most military of European states, war is treated to-day as a deplorable but inevitable mode of settling disputes. It has been reserved for American statesmen to treat it as a useful national tonic, to be sought after, and not simply accepted. The great national advantage of being out of the way of fighting and slaughter, in which the founders of the republic rejoiced, we treat as a calamity, and reach for quarrels or seeds of quarrels as eagerly as a toper seeks his bottle.

But the Washington chaplain goes one step further than the politicians. For some Congressmen we do not think there is much use in praying. But the one proper prayer for those whose case is not hopeless, is, that they may be endued with grace, wisdom, and understanding. These are the only things a Christian people can ask for their legislators either from the God of peace or from the God of battles. This is the only prayer appropriate to the work they have to do. What the chaplain prays for is that they may be endowed with a resentful, vengeful spirit, and cultivate readiness to take offence. If duellists and swashbucklers were praying men, which they hardly ever are or were, this is exactly what they would pray for. We have made much fun of the Southerners for the readiness to stab and shoot which this quickness to resent insults has produced among them. We have shown them a thousand times that readiness to take offence is the mark of either an uncivilized man or a fool; that the more eager you are to resent insults, the more insults you are sure to receive. But real Jingoes pass most of their time looking out for them and calling attention to them. In their eyes the whole world is constantly trying to insult or "put upon" the United States, and it is mainly to chastise these people that they want a large navy.

No wonder, therefore, that Chaplain Couden took it into his head to pray for an increase of the swashbuckler spirit, for Congress to be made more quarrelsome, more vindictive, more ready to make widows and orphans, to blow human bodies into small pieces, to burn towns, and lay waste farms, and ruin trade, and issue greenbacks, and cheat creditors, and turn the thoughts of young men away from industry and charity, and to fill their hearts with hatred of their fellow-men and joy over their misery, and generally to roll back the tide of civilization. We hope we shall not be considered irreverent when we speak of the astonishment with which the Author of the Sermon on the Mount must have received this petition from one of his own ministers, above all when he learned that the minister was praying for the Legislature which is charged with the superintendence of the latest effort of men to make reason and the will of God prevail in the conduct of human affairs.

THE BERING SEA AWARD.

It is earnestly to be hoped that the present Congress will dispose of the award of damages under the Bering Sea arbitration in a manner creditable to the national dignity. That the last Congress should have left the matter as it did was not surprising, considering what the character of that body was. From this one, Republican though it be, one expects better things. The question is one which could arise only between civilized peoples. The whole machinery of arbitration bespeaks a high degree of civilization, and to allow its working to be arrested and nullified by semi-barbarians like Senator Morgan would be distinct retrogression. Sending him abroad as one of our jurists to sit on a really august international tribunal was bad enough. To allow him to undo its work after he got home would be still worse. If we were to adopt the Jingo theory of international respectability, it would be safe to say that we should have to bombard two flourishing European cities in order to wipe out the discredit which the employment of such men as Senator Morgan in responsible places abroad brings upon us. It is such agents as he, and not our failure to kill people and destroy property, that diminish our weight and influence in the civilized world.

The treaty under which the Paris tribunal sat, agreed by article 14 to "consider the result of the proceedings of the tribunal of arbitration as a full, perfect, and final settlement of all the questions referred to the arbitrators." The arbitrators found that the United States had no jurisdiction in Bering Sea outside the three-mile limit. It followed from this that all the seizures of British ships made by the American cruisers were illegal, and that the United States were liable in damages. The questions as to "the value of the said vessels and their contents or either of them," and the question whether they were "wholly or in part" the property of Americans, were left "to future determination." The determination was to be reached by a "mixed commission" on the facts.

The total of the British claims for damages, including compensation to British subjects imprisoned by the American courts, with interest, was $780,000. In the course of the negotiations for this mixed commission, to use Mr. Gresham's language, "these claims were subjected by both governments to a thorough examination both upon the principles and facts which they involve." He—that is, we, the United States—therefore suggested (August 21, 1894) that in order to save the expense, trouble, and tedium of a commission, the matter should be settled by the payment of a lump sum of $425,000. His first offer was $400,000. The British asked $450,000. They "split the difference" and settled on $425,000. It now looked as if the matter was arranged, barring the inquiry as to the ownership of the vessels. When the appropriation of the money came before Congress it was opposed by Mr. Cannon on the ground that the majority of the vessels were owned by Americans, and that only $103,000 was due. To this was added the statement by Mr. Hitt that not only were "the real owners" Americans, but they "were engaged in an occupation forbidden by the laws of their own country," and were entitled not to compensation, but to fine and imprisonment. As to the unlawfulness of the occupation, Mr. Hitt was mistaken. The original bill which made it a criminal offence to kill seal in Bering Sea made the American dominion cover the whole sea. This was amended by the Senate, and the amendment accepted by the House, after conference; and the effect of the amendment, reported the managers on behalf of the House (March 2, 1889), was "to leave out of the House amendment the words that are descriptive of the waters of Alaska." This restored the waters of Alaska to the domain of international law, and made seal-killing outside the three-mile limit a lawful occupation. Therefore, whatever the nationality of the owners, they were not debarred from compensation on the ground of nationality

Now comes the question, what is their nationality? There does not seem to be any full evidence on this point. Nor does it appear on what grounds Senator Morgan's assumption rests, that they were "rascally and recalcitrant Americans who hired themselves out to the British flag to rob the Government of the United States, violate its laws, and dishonor the country." All this appears to be the product of a half-savage imagination. Morgan's language cannot be approached from the civilized point of view. It would be as much a waste of time to examine his argumentation in detail as that of King Kaffee Kalkalli.

The British answer to this is, that any British vessel seized under the British flag must, by the British law, belong to a British subject. A foreigner cannot own her. But the owner may borrow of a foreigner by mortgage on the ship. There appears to be no doubt that many, or some, of the ships seized in Bering Sea were so mortgaged to Americans, who had advanced money to the Canadian owner to enable him to engage in the season's sealing. This is all that can have possibly made such mortgagee "a rascally and recalcitrant American." Under the Morgan system of jurisprudence his making such a loan entitles his own Government, without a shadow of legal authority, to seize the ship, which was his only security, and lock up the owner so as to make such security worthless. We do not believe a

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more remarkable debate than that in which Morgan produced these juridical flowers, was ever heard in the history of either witenagemots or parliaments.

It will be easily seen, from this brief sketch of the facts, that the whole affair is a national scandal. That such a scandal should have arisen in such an assemblage of wild men as the last Congress, is not to be wondered at. This one plumes itself on coming from the ranks of the intelligent and really patriotic portion of the population. Our liability has arisen under a judgment by which we solemnly agreed to abide. The amount has been settled by our lawfully constituted representatives. The opponents of its payment are, therefore, "rascally and recalcitrant Americans" who are doing all they can to dishonor our flag and to bring arbitration into disrepute. In money matters nations should always be gentlemen and pay what they promise. When the bargain is struck, the time for haggling is over.

FALSE PRETENCES ABOUT REVENUE.

GREAT indignation exists among certain chronically indignant Republicans over President Cleveland's references in his message to the relation of deficient revenue to the Treasury embarrassments. He falsely pretends, they say, that money had to be borrowed solely to protect the gold reserve, not to pay current expenses, and that the root of the trouble is in a vicious currency, not in insufficient revenue. We are not set for the defence of the message in this particular. Mr. Cleveland frankly admits that the money obtained by bond sales was used in part to meet current demands on the Treasury; and the inference is, of course, unmistakable that the Treasury could not have met its obligations otherwise. But, technically, it is strictly true, as he says, that bonds were issued to maintain gold payments; and it is also strictly true that, taking the condition of the Treasury as it is to-day, the difficulty is not in the amount of money, but the kind of money, on hand. We are perfectly willing to concede, however, as we have many times conceded, that the element of distrust caused by visibly dwindling revenues should enter into any broad discussion of the financial troubles of 1893–'94.

But allowing the worst charges of insincerity against the President to be true, what is to be said of the logic and the sincerity of the present Republican or, rather, protectionist contention? That contention is, that a surplus revenue will at once and of itself cure the currency sore. The way to get a surplus revenue is to clap on higher duties. Hence the cry for a speedy reënactment of the McKinley tariff, and the protectionist rage at Speaker Reed for declaring that nothing of the kind ought to be or can be done.

Now, there is a fine incoherency in the very terms in which this ultra-protectionist demand is couched. We must stop these "vast importations," which are crushing us to the earth and taking all our gold from us, the *Tribune* tells us. Precisely so, echo Judge Lawrence and the Ohio wool-growers; give us a tariff on wool with steadily rising rates that shall shut out *all* foreign wool. That is what all the protected industries want—a tariff which will stop or reduce to the minimum all importations. That is simon-pure protectionism, and that we can understand. But that it should be urged in the same breath with a demand for a greater revenue out of customs duties—that this exclusive, Chinese-wall protectionism should now be put forward under the guise of a tariff for revenue—is too sharp a corner for the average slow-moving mind to turn. A high tariff was never before defended as a revenue measure. Nothing is so disgusting or irrelevant to a good protectionist as to talk to him of a revenue in connection with a tariff. Revenue means importations, and to stop importations is the very end and aim and natural working of a protective tariff. To pretend anything else is to be guilty of false pretences.

The insincerity of the present demand for high duties as a means of filling up the Treasury with gold will appear doubly flagrant to any one who stops to note the effect on Government revenue of prolonged tariff discussion and the enactment of new tariffs. Irregularity, vitiated estimates, spasmodic ups and downs in receipts, with resulting uncertainty at Washington and anxiety in business circles all over the country, are the invariable accompaniments of such discussion and such laws. It was so with the McKinley tariff, it was so, to a considerable extent, with the Wilson tariff. The income of the Treasury depends in a peculiar degree upon the stability of trade and the permanence of fiscal laws. Nothing throws the Treasury upon its beam-ends more quickly than the unsettling of business conditions. Let a tariff bill be now precipitated and drag along for six months (the very shortest time, certainly, in which it could be passed, if at all), and the Treasury deficit to be provided for would be doubled or trebled in the act. A new high-tariff bill might be entitled an act to disorganize and derange public finance, but never one to come to the rescue of an embarrassed Treasury.

How was it with the McKinley bill? Did it stop the "vast importations"? Did it increase the revenue? Did it come within miles of producing the revenue predicted? All these questions must be answered in the negative. Importations were enormous during the pendency of the bill—so enormous that the enraged McKinley threatened, at one time, to make them pay the higher duties by way of anticipation. This is the normal course of business in passing from a low to a high tariff. It would be the course now if a new McKinley bill were visible on the horizon. The bonded warehouses would be stuffed with foreign goods, and the maddened protectionists would be helpless. Then when the higher duties went into effect, where would the increased revenue come in? Just where it did in the first months under the McKinley bill, or at the rate of nearly $8,000,000 a month decrease. The estimates made by Senators Allison and Aldrich for the first year's operation of the McKinley tariff were $40,000,000 out of the way. This shows how safe a thing it would be now to reënact such a law as a revenue measure. The revenue might prove as delusive as the pretensions with which the bill is urged.

This being so, the country ought to rejoice at the *Tribune's* moderation in not taking the direction of Congress out of Speaker Reed's hands. It might dictate the policy to be pursued, it says, but it refrains. This is really wise, as the Speaker has an unfair advantage in appointing the committees which the *Tribune* might not be able to overcome without a hard fight, dangerous to party harmony. Mr. Reed has unmistakably said (representing, we may add, the evident and overwhelming opinion of manufacturers and business men the country over) that there must be no tariff agitation this winter. This makes it practically certain that there will be none, and that when the next protectionist tariff comes up, if it ever does, it will have to be defended on some other ground than the false pretence that it is necessary for revenue.

SPEAKER AND CANDIDATE.

WE have had one President who had previously been Speaker of the House of Representatives. James K. Polk presided over the lower branch of Congress from 1835 to 1839, and in 1844 was elected to the higher office. We have had two men who were nominated by their party for the Presidency some years after they had served in the speakership—Henry Clay, as the candidate of the Whigs, in 1844, and James G. Blaine, as the candidate of the Republicans, in 1884; while John Bell, who had preceded Polk as Speaker, was the candidate of the Constitutional Union party for President in 1860. We have had one case where a man who was at the time Speaker received a number of electoral votes, but Clay's candidacy in 1824 was before the introduction of the modern system by which each party holds a national convention to name its choice, and the contest of that year between Jackson, Adams, Crawford, and Clay was in every way outside of the methods that now prevail. It is, therefore, an unprecedented spectacle which we are to watch for the next few months, while Thomas B. Reed will be at once Speaker of the House and an open candidate for the Presidential nomination of the Republican party. Under these conditions Mr. Reed may easily be the most picturesque per-

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sonage in public affairs for the next half year.

Mr. Reed gained his first prominence in Congress as a critic. Coming into the House in 1877, while the Democrats controlled that body, he attracted notice for his success in "*nagging*" his opponents during the next four years, and he maintained his reputation in this regard when, after the single Republican House of 1881-83, his party again went into the minority for six years. A somewhat indolent disposition made him too easily satisfied with performances that rendered him conspicuous without much demand upon his powers, and he left no such record for effective service in the work of legislation as was made in a much briefer period by his New England colleague, George D. Robinson of Massachusetts, for example. But long service and prominence as a leader of the minority entitled him to aspire to the speakership when the Republicans returned to power in 1889, and he secured the nomination in the party caucus without much difficulty.

In the opening session of the Fifty-first Congress Mr. Reed for the first time exhibited his constructive and positive powers. Chosen Speaker of a House in which his party had a very narrow margin, he introduced new and unheard-of methods for ruling the body, pushed through schemes for unseating Democrats until the Republicans secured a working majority, and had rules adopted under which the McKinley bill and the Force bill were railroaded through the House; the tariff measure being also approved by the Senate and made a law before the elections of November, 1890. The victorious Speaker left Washington for a stumping tour through the North that seemed to him one continuous series of triumphs, and returned to his home in Portland full of cheerful confidence, only to find that the nation had repudiated his work by an overwhelming majority, and that his party had secured scarcely a quarter of the next House of Representatives.

Mr. Reed's previous incumbency of the office showed his conviction that the Speaker should be the leader of his party and the dictator of its policy. His record in the First-first Congress would prevent his sinking in the Fifty-fourth into the position of a mere judicial official, bound simply to hold the scales even and do justice to all parties. Moreover, as a Presidential candidate, least of all men could he afford now to seem to shirk responsibility. He must frame a definite policy and carry it out. The Speaker's situation, however, is very different now from what it was six years ago. There was then no Presidency in sight, and no clash of rival ambitions for an impending nomination prevented his rallying a united party to his support. Now he presides over a body of Republicans many of whom oppose his own aspirations and would like to thwart them. The press of his party is equally divided as to the matter of candidates. Moreover, neither in Congress nor outside is there anything like unanimity of opinion as to the proper course for the Republicans to pursue in the House. Mr. Reed's suggestion of a do-nothing policy has already provoked indignant condemnation from party organs of prominence. The *Iowa State Register*, for example, immediately published an editorial article on the "First Duty of the New Congress," which said, among other things:

> "There is no doubt as to the demand for prompt action by the new Congress, and it should at once proceed to revive American labor and American business in the only way by which they can be revived, by increasing the duties on competing foreign goods to a sufficient degree to provide ample revenues for the Government, and to protect American labor and business from competition in American markets with foreign labor. All Republican Senators and Representatives who work and vote on any other lines, will be traitors to their party and to the interests of the American people. The *Register* has no faith in any Congressman who does not stand 'first, last, and all the time' for an American government."

The public seems inclined nowadays not to take its politics very seriously. The popular desire to be amused promises to be gratified by the spectacle of a man who attained fame as the Speaker of "a Congress that did something," and who thereby landed his party in the ditch, trying to evolve a policy of doing practically nothing so as not to offend the country, while making noise enough to head off rival candidates for the Presidential nomination who can talk without his sense of responsibility.

GOLDWIN SMITH ON THE OLD TESTAMENT.

THE appearance of Mr. Goldwin Smith's article on "Christianity's Millstone," in the current *North American Review*, is a sign of the times. It is a striking thing that such a man as he should have written such an article; more striking still that it should have been published in a magazine of general circulation; most striking of all that its author should not have been immediately and bitterly assailed. Where are the polemics, where the religious passions and prejudices, of thirty years ago? What Mr. Smith has done is, to test some parts of the Old Testament by modern standards of historical credibility and modern standards of morality, and to declare, with great frankness, that he finds on every hand evidences of myth and fable as well as low and barbarous morality. In a style which, by its point and pungency, reminds one of the similar writings of Thomas Paine, he puts together some of the harder things to believe, and the still harder things to practise, in the Old Testament, and urges that it be cast off as "a millstone on the neck of Christianity." For such an article by such a man, so meekly received by the general public and the religious world, it would be hard to find a parallel.

Mr. Smith has, however, inevitably the air of a man not entirely at home in Biblical criticism. He seems to have taken up the subject where he dropped it more than thirty years ago, in the 'Essays and Reviews' epoch. But those thirty years, in the theological world, have meant more for light and liberality than the cycles of Cathay that preceded them. Of what has been done within the church and by professors of Christian theology, in that time, to promote a rational and historic estimate of the Old Testament, Mr. Smith appears, if not ignorant, at least too little regardful. To mention only English names, what Robertson Smith and Canon Driver and Prof. Cheyne have done in England, and men like Prof. Briggs and Prof. Moore in this country, to set forth the natural history, so to speak, of the Hebrew Bible, is too important to be ignored in any such general discussion as Mr. Smith's. Yet he does not so much as hint at it, or at the most fruitful hypothesis of Biblical criticism—the documentary theory—which is doing for criticism what Darwin's 'Origin of Species' did for natural science. One can but admire, too, the serenity and security with which Mr. Smith turns from the Old Testament to the New. We fear his own tests of credibility would, if rigidly applied to the latter, land him in as serious difficulties as those he enumerates respecting the former; and he makes no allusion to the fact that the great critical battle-field is now precisely in the New Testament; that the methods and theories which have wrought such sweeping changes in our way of looking at the Old Testament, are now being applied, with illuminating results, to the New.

And if Mr. Smith thus shows himself apparently out of touch with the critical conception of the Old Testament, we think he is also somewhat out of touch with the popular conception of it. This is a question, we know, on which there is room for great difference of opinion. What the great mass of people in the churches really think about the Old Testament, he would be a bold man who should undertake positively to say. Probably the great mass do not think about it at all. They feel compelled to have no theory whatever on the subject. But the significant thing is, that they remain singularly unaffected by other people's theories. One theory of inspiration or another may be preached to them, one explanation or another of moral and historical difficulties, and either is almost certain to be, with the great majority, like Carlyle's favorite "blessings that pass over our heads." A remark of Matthew Arnold's, in his recently published 'Letters,' is very much to the point. He said that Mr. Greg had an idea that some theory or other about the Bible prevented people from taking to the Bible. Then he added, "That is stuff. The mass of people take from the Bible what suits them, and quietly leave on one side all that does not."

The real grounds which ordinary Chris-

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tians have for valuing the Old Testament it would be difficult or impossible for any one exactly to ascertain. A religious census on that subject would be more untrustworthy than Porter's national census. But in general it may be said that the lyric and prophetic books would stand first, for their beauty, their spirituality, their power over the universal imagination and heart; that then would come the more interesting biographical portions, then the racy stories, made as if for the delight of children, of which the oldest narrative is full, while the history, the theological doctrine, the surface morality, would be far down the list, if not wholly disregarded.

For pulpit use the Old Testament has become, we should judge, mainly a sort of homiletic treasury of curious texts, inviting to ingenious handling. Some sermons actually preached may illustrate this. "There is death in the pot" served as a text for a discourse on the wickedness of the human heart—that was the "pot," and "death" was in it in the shape of evil desires and sin. "Butter and honey shall he eat" was a distinct prophecy of Christ, according to one preacher—butter the product of the "sacrificial animal," and honey suggesting bees, and bees those stinging troubles of life which the Saviour was to experience. These examples are far down the scale, it must be admitted, but at the other end one can hear most original and edifying sermons, preached to cultured audiences, and got out of such texts as: "Behold, a smoking furnace and a flaming torch." This fantastic use of the Old Testament is not fitted to enforce an idea of it as an inspired document which its official expounders are to handle with reverence.

But how about the creeds and formularies of the church? Do they express the actual state of knowledge about the Old Testament, the common conception and use of it, not to say the ideas of it which are inevitable in an acute and trained mind like Mr. Smith's? That is another question. It is with the creeds that Mr. Smith has his quarrel, and as against the creeds—the official opinions of the church about the Old Testament—his assault is overwhelming. Of them, and of their mistaken assertions about the Old Testament, it may fairly be said, in his own words: "We do but tamper with our own understandings and conscience by such attempts at once to hold on and let go, to retain the shadow of a belief when the substance has passed away." It is not the Old Testament, but what the church, sinning against light, continues to assert about it, that is the millstone.

THE EASTERN QUESTION AGAIN.

ROME, November 22, 1895.

A WEEK ago the Eastern question seemed about to receive an answer, but it is like Brahma, "I keep, and pass, and turn again"—and no one is wiser as to the final solution. The strong and militant note sounded by Lord Salisbury in his Mansion House speech seemed the precursor of decisive action, and Italy, which is (after England) the Power most interested in the eastern Mediterranean, took up the note, and signified officially her intention of adhering to the policy of the English ministry. Letters from England say that the Government was (I say *was*) decided to go ahead even if alone, and force a solution securing the reforms and the safety of the Christians of Turkey. Of the outburst of public indignation in England you are probably better informed than I am here, but we have heard from the most authoritative sources that the nation, without distinction, was with the Prime Minister. The position so created was one which must have compelled a solution. Italy would have sent a fleet of ten or twelve ironclads, England twenty, and, between them, troops enough for the purpose intended. This was all that was needed, for the first entry of European troops into action would have led to the dissolution of the Ottoman Empire, and nobody knows this better than the pashas. The entry of England and Italy would have compelled Austria to move, and if then Russia attacked Austria, the *casus fœderis* of the Tripie Alliance would have arisen, and Germany must have moved. The perception of this alarmed Austria, which is just now in the condition more or less of a lobster that has cast his shell, and, either under this or some foreign pressure, she proposed a plan for the joint action of all the Powers, but it is difficult to think that this plan was believed to offer any chance of efficacy by the Minister who proposed it. It had, however, one immediate success—it stopped the Anglo-Italian movement, which at once lost all its *élan*.

Austria's proposition was in the concrete satisfactory enough, but behind it lay all the practical difficulties which had beset the original English plan—it did not, and could not, as Austrian Ministers must have known from the first, command unanimity of the Powers. It was as follows: The united fleets were to rendezvous at Besika Bay to await the moment of action, which would have been when it was seen that the Sultan would not, or could not, effect the reforms demanded of him by the Powers—in the latter case from his being over awed by the fanatical element of his own people. In either case the fleets were to force their way to Constantinople, and, occupying the Bosphorus, put the Sultan in the necessity of abdicating or effecting the reforms; and in the case of his accepting the latter alternative, of supporting him against any Mussulman rising caused by his execution of the reforms. This programme was accepted by England and Italy, but, as was to be expected and must have been foreseen, Russia refused to accept any proposition which involved the application of coercion to the Turkish Government. The accord on the Austrian basis was at an end at once, and, as we are assured that an accord is arrived at between all the Powers, including Russia, we have the right to conclude that it excludes compulsion. This can be interpreted only as a momentary defeat for Salisbury. The Russians have scored a point in revenge for that made by England at Port Arthur, and we must wait for the disclosure of the new plan on which the Powers shall be agreed to know if England has gained any compensation. The *Corriere della Sera*, a leading journal of Milan, furnishes me with the details of the transaction thus far, and, from my own information, I am inclined to accept that of the *Corriere* as on excellent authority.

The situation *au fond* is very simple. England desires the reformation and solidification, under civilized administration, of the Turkish Empire, and the protection of all the races from the fanaticism of the others, not to speak of the financial and social development which might be attained under the auspices of an administration similar to that of Egypt. This would be a permanent barrier to the plans of Russia, whose persistent policy is to sustain the Turkish Empire as a whole till it is no longer coherent, and, when the end comes, to seize all that she can; and of course the longer this solution is delayed the more she hopes to get. Both plans look to the maintenance of the integrity of the Empire, but one for a distinct development in the future and the other for home consumption. The pretended accord between the six Powers is a fiction as respects compelling Turkey to keep her engagements. If it means that the Powers will go together as far as they are agreed, and that, when this is seen to be ineffective, those most resolute for reform will go on without the others, all one can say is that it is only an accord *pro tanto*, and leaves things just where they were, and the point of separation becomes the point of hostilities. The *Tribuna*, one of the best-informed papers in Italy, and an independent supporter of the Ministry, has the following statement of the position:

"What is the real signification of the rebus proposed by the head of the Foreign Office to the wits of his hearers? It seems this: The situation is so difficult and dangerous that there is need of doing everything to keep the Powers together confronting Turkey, and no Power intends to avoid this duty. To the good will and good intentions of yesterday has there succeeded to-day that complete accord of the Powers for a coercive action without which the situation has no apparent issue? Many telegrams of yesterday and to-day affirm it, and there is an air of optimism stirring to day. But if they speak for the hundredth time of the complete accord of the Powers, nobody shows how and on what proposal it shall be established, and in view of such a reserve the new assurances must have the effect of the melancholy refrain of an old song. The fear of a European conflict prevents this or that Power from taking any initiative against Turkey; the fear of remaining discredited before the Turkish Empire and the Mussulman element will probably induce Europe to take some steps if the Turkish Government does not succeed in restoring peace to the Empire. Still, the situation at present must be considered in the light of the negative reply given by Russia to the Austrian initiative—a negation which no interested denial serves to destroy.

"What did the Austro-Hungarian chancellery propose, in substance? To pledge the Powers to pass the Dardanelles in case the impotence of Turkey to reëstablish internal order became evident. Russia replies: 'I am convinced that something must be done, but I do not wish to engage in advance in any form of intervention.' She may have so replied to create a claim on the gratitude of the Sultan (who, by the way, contrary to current rumors, is very well); she may have done so with a desire to prolong, as far as possible, a situation full of uncertainties. But in any case she has declined an invitation which had the inestimable merit of making Abdul Hamid feel a decided will, and one determined to resolve, *sic et simpliciter*, the complex question of a substantial accord. Now it is clear that the accord which is under discussion—which was so praised by Berthelot in the ministerial council held yesterday in Paris, by Banffy in the Chamber of Deputies in Hungary—can be established only on bases different from those already indicated by Golutchovsky, and we may therefore hold that it is only formal; in other words, that the Powers are agreed to pray the good God that he will condescend to reëstablish order in the Turkish Empire to free them from a preoccupation which troubles them so much."

This seems to me to put the question in as simple terms as need be. I do not see how,

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supposing the Powers have concluded to accept the Russian conditions of accord, they can accomplish anything. When this appears to the satisfaction of Europe, will England, whose premier has committed himself to the reform, *bon gré mal gré*, of Turkey, be satisfied to pocket the check? It is impossible to believe this. The position seems to me to be clearly indicated as one of delay, with the necessity of action intensified thereby. The intentions of England and of Russia are so radically opposed in all that concerns the treatment of the Sick Man that I cannot believe that either is willing that he should be treated by the other for a day. England, Italy, and reluctant Austria-Hungary are committed to the effective pressure for reform, Russia is committed against it. Conceding that Russia's objections have stopped the movement of the others for the moment, it appears impossible that it should not be resumed as soon as Russia's object becomes evident. The *Tribuna* concludes thus: "The question, however, which appears subject to an adjournment, is one of those which must inevitably be answered. The Turks of to day must expiate the victories of their fathers and restore to Christian Europe what the fathers took from it; so decides historical justice, and we believe that Turkey will for no long time sign protocols as a European Power." X.

GENERAL THIÉBAULT ONCE MORE.

PARIS, November 20, 1895.

A PROTEST must be made against the new fashion of publishing memoirs piecemeal, one volume after another, at intervals often so long that the reader has some difficulty in finding the thread which he was obliged to abandon. This method may be advantageous to the publisher, but it is rather irritating to the reader. Who would have thought, when the first volume of the memoirs of General Thiébault appeared, that it would be followed by so many others? I have now before me the fifth volume, which covers the period extending from 1813 to 1820. It contains so much that is interesting that it will certainly find as many readers as its predecessors. General Thiébault, who, it must be confessed, was quite unknown to our generation, is taking in our historical literature a place which is becoming by degrees more and more important. He gives us himself the means of judging him. With many faults, he has one virtue which is essential in history—he is perfectly candid, and he does not disguise the truth, or what appears to him the truth. He is passionate, irrational, he has many ill-founded likes and dislikes, but he has a decided personality, which, on the whole, becomes sympathetic to the reader. Shall I add that he was very handsome, if we may judge by the portraits which illustrate his memoirs, and that his personal charms had evidently much to do with the incidents of his career?

Volume V. begins after the great disaster of Napoleon's Russian campaign. Thiébault was coming back from Spain, a country which in five years had devoured as many men as Russia had in five weeks. He found in France universal anxiety. The army of Russia had disappeared as an army, but Alexander had a great reputation for generosity, and it was hoped that many prisoners would come back. These hopes were disappointed. Thiébault gives a terrible account of the treatment to which the French were subjected in Russia.

"I have," he says, "under my eyes the relations, one of an officer, the other of a high functionary; the first was in a column of 1,800 prisoners, the second in a column of 3,200. . . . Of these 5,000 unfortunate prisoners, only thirty saw France again, thanks to some worthy Russians who, at the risk of compromising themselves, took care of them and helped them. . . . Two hundred brave men, worthy of a better fate, perished in real torture, victims of infamous thefts and of barbarous speculations, while the Russian prisoners in France were treated with a solicitude which we were credulous enough to consider reciprocity. . . . Napoleons were taken for eight francs only; the inhabitants sold food to the prisoners at ten times its value; so the napoleon was really worth only 88 centimes."

When Thiébault saw the Emperor he found him much altered and very serious. "What a difference between his reception now and the last reception I had seen at Compiègne! What had become of those kings, archdukes, foreign princes, ambassadors, even of the Austrian ambassador? . . . All that glory, that pomp, those tributes had disappeared." Thiébault was placed under the orders of Davout and left for Wesel. He arrived just in time to take part in a council of war which had to judge Count Bentinck, accused of rebellion. He had great difficulty in saving the life of Bentinck, and his conduct on this occasion was as honorable as it was courageous, seeing that he made an enemy of General Lemarois, who had convoked the council, and of Marshal Davout. Thiébault had the command of the division of Hamburg, and he is very eloquent on the subject of the infatuation of the Emperor, who wanted to keep all his fortresses in Germany while he had to dispute French soil with the Coalition. "When he was fighting like a lion on the hills of Champagne, he was deprived of the 36,000 men left at Dantzig, of the garrisons of Stettin, Wittenberg, and Potsdam, of the 22,000 men of the garrison of Glogau, of the 32,000 men sacrificed in Dresden, of the 18,000 men shut up in Magdeburg, of the 36,000 men who went to Hamburg, and of the 80,000 conscripts who were called out in the countries which we should have gone through if we had retreated to Lille—a formidable total of 200,000 men, who, by annulling the efforts of the Coalition, might have saved France."

It would be tedious to speak of the daily difficulties which Thiébault encountered in Hamburg. His chief was more than usually out of humor, and in the best of times Marshal Davout was very severe, and left no repose or peace of mind to his subordinates. After the battles of Leipzig, Hamburg was blockaded; the Thirteenth Corps remained in it with Davout, who was soon cut off from all communication with Napoleon and the remainder of the French army. After a long period of isolation, he received a despatch from the Minister of War, ordering him to retreat: "What are you doing in Hamburg, Monsieur le Maréchal, when the enemy is at the gates of Paris?" It was too late now, and Davout could no longer escape. Thiébault would have us believe that Bernadotte entertained for a moment the idea of uniting his army with that of Davout and the French garrisons left in Germany. His own army was no longer in line, though he gained the victories of Gross-Beeren and of Dennewitz, and took a decisive part in the battles of Leipzig. He was not well satisfied with the allied kings and princes. He chose as an intermediary with Davout a former aide-de-camp of Dumouriez, who kept a hotel at Altona.

"Rainville appeared before the Marshal. He began with what was to serve him as an introduction, but when he came to approach the true object of his mission, he remembered suddenly the way in which the Marshal dealt with people and had them executed, the fondness he had for this sort of executions, his terrible provost, and even I do not know how many examples of people executed without a trial. Frightened by the idea that his fate depended on a moment of bile, caprice, or calculation, and trembling at the very thought of his having dreamed of playing for his life with such an adversary, this diplomat, less audacious as a diplomat than clever as an innkeeper, ran away from the Marshal rather than took leave of him, ran away from Hamburg rather than left the place, taking hardly the time to say to his introducer, who was waiting to hear the result of the conference, that the Marshal's character and reputation had not allowed him to break the silence. Thus vanished . . . the last way that remained of hindering the Calmucks, the Gascons of the north, treacherous Austria, arrogant England, and the allied mob, from defiling the soil of France."

Thiébault is, a moment afterwards, obliged to confess that the junction of Davout and Bernadotte could have been effected only too late. The tide was too strong and could no longer be resisted. Bernadotte remained with the Allies, consoling himself as he did at Leipzig, when he ordered some batteries to continue their fire: "A little more grape for those Frenchmen I love so much."

On the 9th of May, 1814, the French, blockaded at Hamburg, saw in the enemy's line the white flag, the flag of the Bourbons. Davout received a messenger, one of his own relations, who had been sent to him by the Provisional Government established in Paris. He summoned all his generals and told them that Napoleon had abdicated, and that the Bourbons had returned; he had received orders to give the white cockade to his troops and to proclaim Louis XVIII. He showed them a bundle of *Moniteurs* which he had received, and which gave all the details of the latest events. He retired, leaving his generals to confer on the situation. The result was an address of acceptance of the new order of things, conceived in a dignified tone, which was written by Thiébault. Between Hamburg and Düsseldorf, Thiébault found nothing but strangers and enemies, where he had seen before soldiers and subjects of the Emperor. The Rhine was not now guarded by Prussians. When he found himself in France, it seemed to him that he was "sur une terre d'aumône." When he again saw French troops, they had no longer their tricolor flags and cockades. He had never been a courtier; he had won every grade by brilliant actions and hard work. He felt that, after so many struggles, France needed peace; but he felt as if the honor of the "grande armée" was his own honor, and he deeply resented the treatment which the remains of this army received from the Bourbons and the *émigrés*. His judgment on Louis XVIII., and especially on his brother, who became Charles X., and his sons, is severe, even to injustice. He is cruel to all those men who, for twenty-five years, had learned nothing and forgotten nothing. He shows us the Duke de Berry, passing in review a few regiments of the former imperial guard, and saying: "The English troops are finer"; the Count d'Artois saying that nothing was needed in France but Jesuits for gentlemen and Capuchins for the *canaille;* his wife speaking of the wives of the marshal and Napoleon's Duchesses as "Bonaparte's cooks."

Thiébault had to go to the Tuileries to be presented to the King, the princes and their wives, and he gives a curious account of the receptions of the new court. Louis XVIII. was very witty and fond of an ironical joke.

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Napoleon's generals came before him in the midst of the *émigrés* who had been made generals. Some of the former, such as Lauriston, were noblemen by birth, but had dropped their titles under the Empire. One day, Lauriston arrived before Louis XVIII. with La Roche-Aymon, one of the new generals. The King said to the Marquis of La Roche Aymon, "Good morning, General La Roche-Aymon"; and, turning to Lauriston, who had been aide-de-camp of Napoleon, he said, "Good morning, Marquis." If Thiébault is excessive in his dislike for the Bourbons, and draws too dark a picture of them all, his tone is quite altered when he speaks of the Duke of Orleans.

"When the Duke of Orleans," he says, "in 1793 was obliged to abandon France, he had already fought under its flag with as much success as valor, and in a few months he had seen fourteen combats, a siege, and battles marked by various acts of prowess; he had not yet attained his twentieth year. Out of France, he refused to fight against his country, though his death-warrant had been prepared in it, the death of his father was imminent, his brothers were in dungeons where they acquired the germ of maladies to which they succumbed, his whole family was banished and its immense property confiscated. Proscribed, abandoned, poor, left alone with his thoughts, even obliged to conceal his name and his rank, so as not to be turned out of Switzerland, where his sister had taken refuge, he bore his fate with stoical resignation."

After a long account of the life of Louis Philippe, Thiébault shows him on his return. He asked to be presented to the Duke at the Palais-Royal. The Duke received him with the greatest kindness, recalled to him circumstances which had brought General Thiébault in relations with his sister, and finally asked him if he wished to take service or not. Thiébault was always persuaded that the Duke of Orleans would have taken him on his personal staff if he had expressed such a desire, and was angry with himself for not having done so. The Duke of Orleans during the Restoration always surrounded himself with the generals of the Empire; he liked to have his sons take from them lessons in the art of war; he knew that the French people placed such men as Marbot (who became his aide-de-camp) above titled *gentilshommes de la chambre*. In fact, though he was one of the highest representatives of old France, he understood the new France better than anybody. Thiébault became one of the *assidus* at the receptions at the Palais Royal, which already contrasted much with those at the Tuileries. He went also often to Neuilly, which was the favorite residence of the Duke of Orleans and of his children. He saw there the Legitimists—the ultras, as they were called—mixing freely with the generals of the Revolution and the Empire. Louis Philippe tried to bring them together, but he understood the difficulty of a perfect fusion, and one day, in a moment of discouragement, he said to Thiébault, "What is white will remain white, what is blue will remain blue."

We come now to Napoleon's return from Elba, and to the part which Thiébault had to play in the extraordinary events that followed it.

Correspondence.

LYNCHING AND THE LAW'S DELAYS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your correspondent Mr. F. M. Noa, in his discussion of "Southern Lynchings," asks the question, "Do not even intelligent people complacently accept the plea that all courts, juries, and judges are so incompetent that mobs must, like savages, take the law into their own hands?"

This question can readily and truthfully be answered in the negative. It is not reasonable to believe that the average intelligence and competence of the legal profession in America is greatly inferior to that of the same profession in England or continental Europe. But in this free country, where we frown upon all forms of arbitrary power except that of the political boss, the right of appeal from one court to another is interpreted so liberally, one might almost say so anomalously, that the public has naturally lost all confidence in the administration of justice in criminal cases. When a fiendish murder is committed by one who has money enough to pay lawyers' fees, or who is in a position to secure help for this purpose, however notorious his guilt may be, there is rarely any ground for hope that justice will be rendered with an approach to promptitude, and the chances are greatly in favor of the escape of the criminal. Human nature is neither better nor worse at the North than at the South, but the South has unfortunately a much larger proportion of ignorant and brutal population. It is scarcely more than a truism to say that the average negro is far less capable of civilization than the average white man. The South therefore cannot indulge the hope of escaping the many provocations which have brought upon its people the disgrace of frequent lynching. By all means let every obstacle be opposed to lynch-law in all sections of the nation, and let the county where the lynching occurs be made pecuniarily responsible, as has been wisely recommended recently by the Governor of Virginia. But much more important is it that the right of appeal should be curtailed. Curtailment does not mean abolition; it means that the opportunity for appeal shall be granted only when phenomenal ignorance on the part of the judge, or flagrant dishonesty on the part of a jury, can be promptly and overwhelmingly proved Let the Governor of each State be freed from the necessity of entertaining pleas for executive clemency, and let the interval between the conviction and execution of the criminal be reduced to a minimum, a few days at farthest. If such changes in court procedure were established, we should hear much less of lynching, whether at the North or at the South.

One of the most conspicuous cases of leniency, carried out to a dangerous extreme, has been dragging along for nearly eighteen months in connection with the political ruffian and murderer, Bartholomew Shea, who in March, 1894, deliberately shot down Robert Ross at the polls in Troy. The case was one of the plainest on record, but, by the use of the right of appeal, the murderer still lives, though more than a year has elapsed since the date first assigned for his execution. He has been backed by a political machine, and, since the renewal of the sentence of death, the most shameless use of threats and intimidation has been applied to compel signatures to a plea for executive clemency. Happily the Governor's chair is occupied by one who cannot be expected to grant such a plea; but, in Germany or France, Bartholomew Shea would have received his deserts before an American court was even ready to begin the investigation of his case. W. Le Conte Stevens.

Troy, N. Y., December 6, 1895.

EDUCATION IN NORTH CAROLINA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In justice to North Carolina, and particularly to the white population of the State, I think it right that attention be called to certain statistics bearing upon education in the State. Prominence has recently been given in certain periodicals published in the North to the defects of education in North Carolina as compared with other States. The comparison is based upon data that are far from agreeing with the report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction in North Carolina.

The census of school-children for 1894 shows an enrolment of 235,486 white and 123,899 colored; the average length of school term, for white, 64 days; colored, 60 days; amount expended for education, white, $587,522; colored, $265,131; amount received for education in taxes from whites, $747,843, colored, $105,210. From this it appears that the whites of North Carolina give for the education of the colored race $159,921 over and above the amount of taxes received from that race—a rather heavy tax upon a State that is not very wealthy. There are a few schools in the State for colored people endowed by Northern friends, and these are doing a good work; but it seems never to have occurred to these philanthropists that an endowed school for white boys is as much needed in the State as for colored, if not more so. The whites of North Carolina give more than a million dollars every six or seven years for the education of the negro race. If the rich North, while expending her many millions yearly in the education of her children, would only help out this State, by refunding in endowments the amount spent by the State upon the colored race, perhaps it would not be necessary so often to call attention to educational diagrams showing North Carolina at the bottom of the scale and Rhode Island at the top.

Junius M. Horner.

[At the North, too, the well-to-do classes are disproportionately taxed for the schooling of the poorer, but this is not regarded as anything extraordinary or particularly meritorious, since the welfare of all classes is seen to depend upon the widest diffusion of education. We apprehend that the philanthropists referred to would be inclined to think the overcharge to the whites in North Carolina, as in the South generally, a very moderate "refunding" to the blacks of what slavery robbed them of in property and intelligence.—Ed. Nation.]

Notes.

Mr. Edward Roth, 1135 Pine St., Philadelphia, announces that his 'Complete Index to Littell's Living Age' down to 1895 will be resumed in February, 1896, with the first part of vol. ii., which may be wholly issued in the course of the year if the requisite support is given to his enterprise.

The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago, will publish this month 'Karma,' a tale by Dr. Paul Carus, illustrated by Japanese artists and printed on Japanese crêpe paper; and 'Lovers Three Thousand Years Ago,' as indicated by the Song of Solomon, by the Rev. T. A. Goodwin, D.D.

A sumptuous limited edition of Edmund

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Spenser's 'Epithalamion' has been undertaken by Dodd, Mead & Co., with the aid of George Wharton Edwards, who frames each stanza in an ornamental border and gives it a full-page design. In hand, also, is 'Rip Van Winkle as Played by Joseph Jefferson,' now for the first time published, with illustrations, in three editions, of which two will be limited, and one signed in each copy by Mr. Jefferson.

The late "Felix Oldboy's" 'Walks in Our Churchyards: Old New York—Trinity Parish,' recovered from the *Trinity Record*, is about to be issued as a book by George Gottsberger Peck, 11 Murray Street.

'Movement,' by that great student of motion Prof. E. J. Marey, is in the press of D. Appleton & Co. It will contain more than 200 illustrations.

Macmillan & Co. will publish for the American Economic Association 'Letters of Ricardo to McCulloch,' edited by their discoverer, Dr. J. H. Hollander of Johns Hopkins University, and 'Race Traits and Tendencies of the American Negro,' by F. L. Hoffman; also, 'A Breath from the Veldt,' by John Guille Millais, F.Z.S., an illustrated volume supplementary to the same author's 'Game Birds and Shooting Sketches.'

The Burrows Brothers Co., Cleveland, have nearly ready 'Fringilla,' a first volume of poems by Richard Doddridge Blackmore, author of 'Lorna Doone,' with decorative and other designs in the mode of the hour by Will H. Bradley.

The Roycroft Printing Shop, East Aurora, N. Y., is about to issue for the holidays 'The Song of Songs,' a reprint of the text of Solomon with a study by Elbert Hubbard. The type was expressly cut after one of the earliest Roman faces; the initials will be rubricated, and the book handprinted on Ruisdael hand-made paper.

The turning out of reprints and brand-new editions continues without abatement. As we anticipated, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have followed up their modified reissue of Mrs. Jameson's 'Sacred and Legendary Art' with her 'Legends of the Madonna,' 'Legends of the Monastic Orders,' and 'Memoirs of the Italian Painters,' each in one volume, the last-named being in part rewritten by the editor, Estelle M. Hurll, and the illustrations wholly new. We need not repeat our commendation of this laborious enterprise. The same firm have just added Holmes's Poems to the one-volume Cambridge Edition in which Longfellow, Whittier, and Browning already figure, for the benefit of prudent buyers and hasty consulters. It is handsome without and within, and offered at a low price. They have given a new dress of much elegance to the late Mrs. Jane G. Austin's 'Standish of Standish,' in two volumes, with etched illustrations, worthy of praise, by Frank T. Merrill. Finally, we may mention a plain and unpretentious edition of Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' copiously annotated by Dr. W. J. Rolfe for their "Students' Series of Standard English Poems for Schools and Colleges."

Tennyson is also being published piecemeal, but in a dainty manner and without note or comment, by Macmillan & Co.: the 'Juvenilia' and 'The Lady of Shalott, and Other Poems' have reached us. The pocket edition of Charles Kingsley's novels proceeds with 'Hereward the Wake,' and is still marked by great compression and small type and thin (though not too thin) paper. Maria Edgeworth's 'Popular Tales' and Jane Austen's 'Pride and Prejudice' swell that unnamed series in which forgotten and unforgotten classics are given fresh currency, and which in its manufacture has all the good qualities that one calls for in a popular edition. We mount several stages higher in Miss Mitford's 'Country Stories,' agreeably if not powerfully illustrated by George Morrow, and fashioned in letter-press and binding after 'Cranford' and the other classics which Hugh Thomson has embellished. Even more attractive typographically, and particularly well bound, is Hamerton's 'Imagination in Landscape Painting,' with twenty-four full-page illustrations. Of the several Macmillan serials we have from time to time noticed, the Dickens arrives at 'Our Mutual Friend,' from the author's corrected edition of 1869, with Marcus Stone's illustrations, and a briefer introduction than usual by the younger Dickens; the Balzac, edited by Prof. Saintsbury, arrives at 'Eugénie Grandet'; Mr. Aitken's Defoe adds 'A New Voyage round the World,' and, in two volumes, 'The Fortunate Mistress (Roxana).' The Balzac and Defoe are among the most charming of J. M. Dent's tasteful productions.

Charles Scribner's Sons have brought out in a uniform neat style the companion compilations, by L. B. Seeley, known as 'Horace Walpole and his World' and 'Fanny Burney and her Friends,' each with its portrait; and, following up the 'Munchausen' of a year ago, have printed in large type in one volume 'Sindbad and Ali Baba,' with illustrations by William Strang and J. B. Clark. The designs would not of themselves warrant a reprinting of Lane's translation in the one case and Scott's in the other, but they have at least an individual character. The Cairo text of the seventh voyage of Sindbad is given in an appendix, and this variant enhances the value of an edition that will be welcome to young eyes or old.

Besides a new "Students'" edition of Irving's 'Sketch-Book,' with notes explanatory and critical by William Lyon Phelps, G. P. Putnam's Sons continue their "Fly-Leaves Series" (the name derives from Calverley) with Thackeray's 'Novels by Eminent Hands,' and, as a proper fellow to it, Bayard Taylor's 'Echo Club,' with a prologue by Richard Henry Stoddard. Taylor's talent for parody was exceptional, and it is well to have it recalled. Mr. Stoddard tells the story of his early acquaintance with Taylor, and of their poetic communings, aspirations, and friendly rivalries. These are pretty books, but all may not like the feel of the covers.

Stone & Kimball, Chicago, have joined their imprint to that of Methuen & Co. in the beautiful London-made edition of Southey's 'English Seamen,' or the Lives of Howard, Clifford, Hawkins, Drake, and Cavendish, those bold sea-rovers. Southey's prose, stirring adventure, and fine book-making form a combination hard to resist.

Tammany's overthrow a year ago is the excuse for a new edition of Mr. Roosevelt's 'New York' in the "Historic Towns" series of the Messrs. Longman. The author tells briefly the story of the late revolt against Tammany, with what we must characterize as only half candor regarding Republican responsibility for Tammany, but paying a deserved tribute to Dr. Parkhurst's initiative in bringing about the measure of victory achieved and already partly undone.

Dodd, Mead & Co. publish in handy form 'Abraham Lincoln's Speeches,' a selection made by L. E. Chittenden, ex-Register of the Treasury, with excellent judgment. It will serve as a vade-mecum in reading the history of the rebellion and of the antecedent period of preparation and agitation. The frontis-piece portrait is reduced from F. B. Carpenter's well-known engraving.

"Thirty-first edition, revised and enlarged," is written on the title-page of Henry T. Coates's 'Fireside Encyclopædia of Poetry' (Philadelphia: Porter & Coates), yet the earliest copyright dates back only to 1878. Comparison with the twenty-seventh edition of 1888 shows changes which were certainly worth while, as they take in Coleridge's "Dejection" and "Æolian Harp," Wordsworth's sonnet, "Sleep," and "Solitary Reaper," and Matthew Arnold's "Forsaken Mermaid," to mention only a part of the best. Changes are noticeable also in the illustrations; but no one will turn to this anthology for them.

Mr. Henry R. Blaney, an antiquarian who also handles the etcher's needle, shares with the public his etchings of 'Old Boston' (Lee & Shepard). They are reproduced, often on a diminished scale, by "process," which naturally does not improve them, but in the main they are vivid memorials of streets and buildings of many degrees of antiquity and curiosity. They are best justified when they are based on sketches by the author, and least when they attempt to translate prints (like Paul Revere's plate of Boston in 1768) so much better reproducible in facsimile. The few photographs intercalated with the etchings prove their superiority as historical documents when available. Mr. Blaney furnishes some account of each subject, with more or less particularity as to dates and authorities.

The art of etching seems to be wonderfully provocative of humbug. A few lines which, were they drawn on paper with pencil or pen, would escape comment, become invested with a wonderful interest when they are scratched on copper. Time was when Mr. Hamerton had to complain that the public knew nothing of etching; but that time is long past, and to-day an artist who fails as painter and draughtsman has but to publish his feebleness in several "states" to become a considerable personage. Something of this tendency to overrate the etcher is discoverable in Mr. Frederick Wedmore's 'Etching in England' (London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan), and the fifty process plates he gives us include reproductions of a good many things that are important only because they are etched. Of course this is by no means true of all of them, and, beside the work of recognized masters like Whistler and Haden, we have that of more than one true artist. Most interesting of all, perhaps, is the exquisite dry-point "Étude de Jeune Fille" by M. Paul Helleu, a gentleman whose work can only by a stretch of courtesy be included in a book on English etching, but an artist we are delighted to be made better acquainted with. Mr. Wedmore's writing has a ponderous slightness and a solemnity of disguised commonplace which go far to explain Mr. Whistler's mischievous baiting of one who is nevertheless a great admirer of that sprightly artist.

Mr. Pennell will not add to his reputation as a writer on art by his latest book on 'Modern Illustration' in the Ex-Libris Series (George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan). It is formless and inconclusive, and is marked by faults of style and taste, not to say of temper. An instance in point is the following: "I have done what I could to make a start; I only hope some one will carry it on; certainly I am sure some of my sincere flatterers will imitate me, as they always do." An invitation to carry on the work, coupled with the assurance that whoever does so will be called an imitator, can hardly be termed

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cordial. The book is disappointing even in the matter of the selection of characteristic illustrations and their reproduction, in which matter we might expect to find Mr. Pennell at his best. We hope some one may take him at his word, and risk his displeasure by producing a better book on the subject.

Henri Beyle's 'Chartreuse de Parme' has just been made accessible to those who cannot read French, in an excellent translation in three volumes by E. P. Robins (New York: George H. Richmond & Co.). The publishers have accompanied the beautifully printed text with thirty-five illustrations by V. Foulquier, etched by G. Mercier. Of the tale itself, which is concerned with the intriguing life of a petty Italian court during the days that succeeded the overthrow of Napoleon, nothing need be said here. There are some who consider the 'Chartreuse de Parme' the greatest romance ever written in the French language, but they will always form a minority. Philistines—and admirers of Beyle are particularly apt to dub those who do not agree with them Philistines—may be referred, perhaps with some chance of converting them, to the passage in which Fabrice's experiences of the battle of Waterloo are described, and which deserves to be compared with the better known chapters in Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair' and in Victor Hugo's 'Les Misérables,' dealing with the same famous battle from a not altogether dissimilar point of view.

'Old World Japan: Legends of the Land of the Gods,' by Frank Rinder (London: George Allen; New York: Macmillan), contains twenty stories from the wonder-lore of the people of that country. The illustrations, which are by far the best part of the handsome book, are by T. H. Robinson. This artist has excellently preserved the essential features of the Far-Oriental legends, while yet blending the methods of both Japanese and European art. The stories are too short to contain the important elements of the Japanese originals, and some of the author's foreign additions mar their beauty and simplicity. In the descent of Izanagi into the "shadowy kingdom," for example, we read in these English pages that "Sounds as of lost souls struck his ear," etc.—all of which is decidedly un-Japanese. Only here and there can it be said that Mr. Rinder has improved upon the versions of Mitford, Chamberlain, Hearn, and Brauns. He says in his preface: "The sources from which I have drawn are too numerous to particularize." This, however, does not excuse the transfer out of Griffis's 'Japanese Fairy World' of two whole stories, and numerous hints and suggestions in other 'Old World Japan' legends. "Rai-Taro, the Sun of the Thunder God" and "Princess Fire-Fly" not only were first printed in 'Japanese Fairy World,' but exist in no Japanese text, having been spun out of the author's own brain. Possibly "The Star Lovers" and "The Moon Maiden" in this volume might have been cast in their present form without consulting Mr. Griffis's book, but it is not at all likely. Yet there is no hint in the volume as to Mr. Rinder's indebtedness to the American author.

In 'Modern Battles of Trenton,' a history of New Jersey's politics and legislation from the year 1868 to the year 1894 (Trenton: J. L. Murphy), Mr. William Edgar Sackett conveys, in a sketchy and press-gallery style, a great deal of valuable political information. To no more compact and trustworthy source should we be able to send any one ignorant of the vital part played in New Jersey politics by railroad and water-front legislation, or of the way rival "rings" in either party have successively risen and fallen. Mr. Sackett's records of legislative votes, senatorial contests, and nominating conventions make his book of especial value for office reference.

Harper's Round Table (of the title-page, *Harper's Young People* of the running-title) for 1895 opens with a serial story, "Afloat with the Flag," and there is no lack of militarism between the two covers. Not only are such eminent Jingoists as Messrs. Lodge and Roosevelt among the contributors—the latter supplying a number of battle sketches—but a boys' company of Knickerbocker Grays is pictured, and the lady who furnishes the text prefixes the Jingo motto, "In time of peace, prepare for war." The climax is reached in a fictitious account of the bombardment of the Golden Gate—unless we find it in a portrait gallery of the officers of the infant National Society of Children of the American Revolution! The semi adult audience chiefly addressed is, however, treated to serious articles by Professors Shaler and Davis on the earth, moon, and stars, by Mr. Gibson on mushrooms, by Mr. Maxim on his flying-machine, etc., etc. A weekly bicycle route in the vicinity of New York has been a useful feature of the volume. Some colored cuts in the text are noticeable, and, as usual, Mr. Peter Newell's drollery of the pencil surpasses all.

No authentic portrait of Joan of Arc has up to the present time been known in France, all the representations of her being of a much later date than the epoch at which she lived. But the *Débats* of November 22 calls attention to the statement of a German pastor, Herr Gatrio, to the effect that there exist in Alsace two miniatures which reproduce the features of Joan, and which are very probably the work of a contemporary artist. The first represents the Pucelle in armor going into battle. She has helmet and cuirass on, and carries a banner on which is represented God the Father holding in his hand the terrestrial globe. The second miniature represents the same figure, save that Joan wears no helmet: her long locks float freely over her shoulders, and her head is encircled by the aureole of a saint. These miniatures are found in the collection of M. Georges Spetz at Isenheim.

In the last fascicule of the *Congo Belge*, M. A. J. Wauters tells the story of the singular discovery of a Flemish picture in the heart of Africa. It is a little panel, about eleven by thirteen inches in size, representing Christ, dressed in a red robe, in the act of giving a benediction. The figure shows against a green background. It appears that this picture was found in the palace of King Theodore at Magdala at the time when the English expedition to Abyssinia captured that town—that is, on April 13, 1868. One naturally wonders what curious chance should have carried a Flemish religious picture, dating from the first years of the sixteenth century, into the wild country around the sources of the Blue Nile. M. Wauters, in explanation, recalls the fact that the first embassy sent by the King of Portugal to the Christian ruler of Abyssinia was in the year 1520. It seems not unlikely that this object of devotion was among the presents then sent from Europe. M. Wauters suggests that it was meant for an altar picture. At first thought it seems, at least according to Western notions, somewhat small for this use, but it is of about the same size as the icons which are offered for the veneration of the faithful at the time of Mass in some of the Oriental churches.

Messrs. Alinari Bros. of Florence have completed their labors at Venice by the publication of their photographs of the mosaics in St. Mark's and the pictures in the Layard Collection. The mosaics should have special interest for Americans at present. The rage for elaborate and expensive decoration seems to have set in strong, and buildings almost beyond reproach architecturally are in danger of being spoiled artistically by paintings that may be pictures, but are not certainly fine decorations. Let our architects and library committees procure complete sets of photographs after the mosaics at St. Mark's, and note how they lose in value as decoration in proportion as they gain in pictorial skill. The earliest emaciated Byzantine figures, which, from the point of view of painting, have no existence to speak of, are essentially decorative, because they enhance the functions of the structure by calling our attention to the vital elements of the building. As the mosaics become more and more elaborate, gaining in arrangement, in spacing, in everything that would make them fine pictures, they become gross impertinences in the interior of the church; having, in fact, no closer connection with the building they disfigure than stick-fast can supply. The *facilis descensus* begins with the mosaics for which the elder Michele Giambono gave the cartoons.

L. Prang & Co., Boston, send us a great variety of calendars for the year 1896 in their excellent style of color printing, some in sheets knotted together with silk ribbon, some on single or folded cards. Christmas cards accompany these, and more ribboned booklets—of verse ornamented with violets or sweet peas, and "Six British Authors," all poets, showing on one sheet the man, a selection from his verse, and perhaps his home.

—In the December *Harper's*, Mr. Howells, in his farce, "A Previous Engagement," again employs is familiar method of occasionally opening up to the reader, through the bewilderingly intricate mazes of his dialogue, clear perceptions of the true values of his characters, imitating thus the actual trick of life, which can safely be depended on to now and then expose meanings that words have cleverly served the purpose of concealing. Richard Harding Davis and Caspar W. Whitney each supply, in a different way, an element of the healthy sensationalism that is founded on reality; the former by making known with an enthusiasm that is contagious the generally unsuspected attractions, natural and civil, of Carácas as a fresh place of resort for the unresting tourist; the latter in the spirit of adventure that animates this first part of "On Snow-Shoes to the Barren Grounds," a region which, though not to be recommended to the tourist at large, promises to yield a narrative full of excitement and novelty. Parallel to this last article in agreeable directness of narration is the one entitled "Wild Beasts as They Live," which, in *Scribner's*, also goes to correct the impression that nerve is not a product of the century. Here the illustrations, admirably reproduced from the etchings of Evert Van Muyden, and the text, which is by Capt. C. J. Melliss of the Bombay Infantry, are each of sufficient excellence to exist independently of the other, though their combination has brought out and intensified the best qualities of both. Another article, due to the pictorial and literary collaboration of Oliver Herford and Brander Matthews, gives scant room for hope that in partnerships of this kind joint weakness can be relied on to produce strength. Mr. Matthews employs—under a new name, "The Kinetoscope of Time"—the old device

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of putting into word pictures his visions, or dreams, of scenes that are among the household words of literature the world over. The experiment of superimposing the text upon full-page outline illustrations, or of interlacing the text through them, although in vogue at the moment among some French draughtsmen of originality and talent, is one that always has the primary merits of clearness and legibility in the scales against it. Here the scales incline in favor of the primitive virtues. While even Dr. Van Dyke's admirers will be inclined to deny the complete success of his experiment in *Scribner's* in the line of ghostly fiction, those whose taste leans to detective stories will find in "The River Syndicate," by Charles E. Carryl, a capital tale of Scotland Yard and its personnel.

—A Christmas air is imparted to the *Century* by accounts of last summer's Passion Play at Vorder-Thiersee in Tyrol, and of Tissot's "Life of Christ." The illustrations to the latter are profuse. The two performances, of the peasants and of the artist, who is an Oriental traveller, are at the opposite extremes of sophistication; but of neither does the account rise above the level which, though it is painstaking, editors unfortunately are confirmed in finding good enough for magazine readers. A Christmas story by Frank R. Stockton has the requisite merry note, and contains its complement of the writer's humorous inventions and oddities. Another story by Rudyard Kipling, of which part of the action takes place in dreams, will inevitably invite comparison with 'Peter Ibbetson,' after which the most favorable verdict likely to be found will be that there are here passages of Mr. Kipling's individual charm. Mr. Riis's account of the farm-school experiment in Westchester County will be of interest to all students of social problems; and a paper describing a pleasant phase of Lincoln's character, from autograph notes of his own, relating to prisoners of war, should not be overlooked. But variety of topic rather than eminence in any is the pervading characteristic of this issue of the *Century*.

—The *Atlantic* again this month seems to give a basis for the optimistic conclusion that quality and not selling-power may be the reason of a magazine's existence. Between John Fiske's "Starving Time in Old Virginia," "The End of the *Terror*," by Robert Wilson, and "The Defeat of the Spanish Armada," by W. F. Tilton, there is a certain nexus in picturing to the mind the manner of men our forefathers were, and what were their prowess and endurance during the century and a half in which they respectively conquered a new soil, exterminated piracy in New World waters, and drove an invading enemy from their shores in the Old World. A full nautical vocabulary at his fingers' ends will greatly add to the reader's appreciation of both the last, but in particular of the second of these papers, which recalls the style of Stevenson when dealing with similar themes, and which aims to supply the lack of a complete and accurate picture of the battles that preceded the flight of the Armada into the North Sea. Of lighter nature is Harriet Lewis Bradley's "Dorothy." This charming little paper is neither story, essay, nor sketch of travel, but contains a mingling of the attractions of all. Both Florence and Venice contribute a share in making the delicately drawn portrait of a child a small poem in prose. "A New England Woodpile," by Rowland E. Robinson, is another paper that faithfully and pleasantly presents the poetry and sentiment of its subject.

—It is difficult to say in two words what it is that makes a book of travels "old-fashioned," with that oldness of fashion that is uninteresting; but perhaps it is not cant to suggest that it is a want of sincerity. A book—and especially a book of travels—that is not spontaneous, that is written because the author, already famous, wishes to utilize his fame, is, of necessity, a lifeless book, and consequently a dull book, and therefore a book to be suppressed, not to be translated. Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole has not passed this judgment on Victor Hugo's 'Letters to his Wife,' and he has found a publisher (Boston: Estes & Lauriat) to print his translation. A translator is at least expected not to add to the difficulties of his author, but on p. 267 there is this note of three lines which occasions three questions: "I presume Victor Hugo meant this couplet, quoted in Littré:

> 'A ces mots il saisit un vieux infortiat
> Grossi des visions d'accurse et d'alciat.'"

(1.) Why remark that this is "quoted in Littré" rather than that its source is Boileau's 'Lutrin' (chant 5)? (2.) Why not translate the unusual word "infortiat"? (3.) Why print the names of two distinguished jurists of the thirteenth and sixteenth centuries, Accurse and Alciat, without capitals?—The title of this volume is entirely misleading. Its contents are 300 octavo pages of notes of travel in the Alps in 1839, in the Pyrenees in 1843. Of these 300 pages, 70 are nominally addressed to Victor Hugo's wife, in which there are, in different passages, exactly thirty "domestic" lines which would give the reader this information from within. All the rest (even of his letters to her) is addressed to the public—and the garrulousness of the great man in his note-books is surprising! These notes are advertised as not being included in any edition of Victor Hugo's works. We are left in the dark as to what this means. Mr. Dole should have stated if the book has appeared in France, and when.

—Francesco Bertolini, professor of history in the University of Bologna, has recently printed 'Letture Popolari di Storia del Risorgimento Italiano' (Milan: Hoepli), which treats in the form of popular lectures the chief topics in the making of Italy from 1814 to 1870. He gives also some interesting details concerning minor actors in the great drama, men like Zambeccari, Masina, and the Bronzetti brothers, whom the formal historians pass over with slight notice. The most important suggestion in the book, however, refers to Cavour's famous formula, "A free Church in a free State." This has usually been interpreted to mean that all reciprocally hampering bonds between Church and State should be abolished, and that the Church should pursue its spiritual mission without interference from the State. Prof. Bertolini argues that by "free" Cavour implied that the Catholic Church itself should be reformed, that the growth of papal and dogmatic restraints which have been imposed on its adherents should be abolished, and that liberty of conscience should prevail. Our purpose in this note is neither to accept nor reject Prof. Bertolini's conclusions—for that would require a careful examination of his arguments—but to call attention to his theory as indicative of the drift of opinion among Italian Liberals to-day. Such a theory may also be regarded as an answer to the extreme Clericals, who have, on the surface at least, become more aggressive during the last few years. Their recent attempt to regain control of popular education shows, for instance, that they believe public opinion more favorable to them than it was ten years ago. In point of fact, nine-tenths of the educated opinion in Italy is uncompromisingly opposed to any reaction; and when so eminent a professor as Signor Bertolini teaches his students at Bologna, and, through the publication of his lectures, teaches a wider circle of readers, that Cavour's principle means not only that the Church should be allowed to fulfil her spiritual duties untrammelled by the State, but also that the Church should reform herself according to the model of early Christianity, we have a noteworthy example of the attitude of Liberals towards recrudescent Clericalism.

—The Western churches have found the difficulties of missionary work among Mohammedans so great and the results so excessively small that they have almost ceased to labor among them. This failure has been generally ascribed to the peculiar rigidity and strength of Moslem religious tenets and to the penalty attached to conversion in most Mohammedan countries. Recent successful work among the Mohammedan Tartars of Southeastern Russia would seem to indicate that the failure might be largely due to the inability of the Western mind to understand and influence the mind of the follower of the Prophet. The centre and starting-point of all mission work in Eastern Europe and Asiatic Russia is the University of Kazan. Connected with it is a seminary for the preparation of missionaries to the Mohammedans and of native Tartars for the priesthood, and a school in which Tartar boys and girls are educated to be teachers. The head of this school is a professor of the Tartar languages in the University, and is himself a Tartar and a convert. The extent of the work may be realized from the fact that the seminary has sent out sixty-five native priests, and all the teachers are provided for one hundred and fifty schools. In a description of a recent journey in the Province of Kazan, Mr. W. J. Birkbeck, from whose account in the *Guardian* we have taken these facts, says that in one village where, thirty years ago, there were no native Christians, he found a church with 350 members and a school with 92 pupils. In another village all but two families had become Christians. Notwithstanding this successful propagandism, the Moslems and Christians live in perfect amity; the *mir*, or village governing body, frequently containing men of both religions. It should be added that the Government has no connection with the work, which springs entirely from spontaneous individual effort, the mission being one of the results of the awakening of Russia after the Crimean war.

RECENT POETRY.

THE almost simultaneous publication of new volumes by Eric Mackay, Alfred Austin, and Sir Edwin Arnold suggests the perhaps irreverent thought that the Laureateship is still open; and that a boom, so to speak, for any of these three candidates is at any time in order. Their claims all seem so slight that the mere consideration of either would suggest one of the very best of the *Punch* pictures, that in which the Queen, being in need of a new footman, anxiously inspects the dapper little figure of Earl Russell, eager and alert, in a page's buttons, with the doubtful conclusion, "I'm

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afraid you are not large enough for the place, John!" No such doubt haunts the minds of these candidates, least of all Mr. Mackay, who, in his 'A Song of the Sea, and Other Poems' (Chicago: Stone & Kimball), flings out half-a-dozen full-fledged Occasional Odes, making the most of all recent events—each ode more turgid and sonorous than the other—as a sort of foretaste of what might be expected of him. Surely it would not be easy to outstrip a candidate who could extract the picturesque on this scale from that not very eminent personage the Duke of York, on his marriage (p. 109):

"The Captain of the Comrades of the Flag,
A captain of such fame
As should be talked of on the loftiest crag
Of proud and prompt ambition, as of yore,
For there's no heart that's English to the core
But loves him well and beats for joy of him;
And youthful eyes grow dim
As men rehearse the perils he has passed,
When, out upon the tearing, shudd'ring blast,
He has fulfilled new duties, not set down,
But done for pride of Country and of Crown!"

While Mr. Mackay thus elevates into sublimity the rather commonplace function of going to sea, Sir Edwin Arnold chooses rather to bring home the fruits of many voyages, and to test the literatures of many tongues. In 'The Tenth Muse, and Other Poems' (Longmans) the tenth muse is the Press; but the rest of the volume is given mainly to translations from the Persian, the Japanese, and so on. Then he cruelly checkmates Mr. Mackay's Duke of York poem by dedicating his book to the Duchess of York, inserting eight lines written in her album, and throwing in a longer poem written "by request of H. R. H. the Princess Beatrice." But Mr. Alfred Austin, the candidate now most conspicuously before the public, has a method still different from either of these—that of striking a wholly new and most fortunate vein. Dr. Johnson said of the traveller Jonas Hanway, who had written a successful book, followed by an unsuccessful one, that he had made a reputation by travelling abroad and then lost it by travelling at home. Mr. Austin has reversed this; and, after writing eight or more volumes of poetry so mediocre that they have not attained the small honor of an American reprint, he has now achieved, in 'Veronica's Garden' (Macmillan), a prose book, only here and there interspersed with verse, and giving us the very freshness and fragrance of an old-fashioned English garden. It has, moreover, a series of illustrations so charming that they would redeem a poorer book. Decidedly we give our vote for Mr. Austin as Laureate—at least if he will pledge himself to put his prose into prose hereafter, and not to present it in the form of verse.

Mr. William B. Yeats is perhaps the most interesting figure in English contemporary poetry, as he, with his following—Lionel Johnson, Katharine Tynan Hinkson, and the like—afford, with their Celtic fantasy and purity, the best antidote to that now besmirched Oscar Wilde spirit which still asserts itself sometimes in the 'Yellow Book' and even in the "Rhymers' Club." His new volume of Poems (London: Unwin) includes most of what was contained in the volume, 'The Wanderings of Oisin,' published in 1889, and some other fragments; but the name of the wanderer is now given as Usheen. There are also included his two exquisite fairy dramas, "The Countess Cathleen" and "The Land of Heart's Desire," productions so fanciful and so plaintive that they seem to create a world of their own. Aubrey de Vere and Sir Samuel Ferguson had already opened the doors of the old Irish literature, and its charm is such that it makes the visitor to Dublin University Library look with envy on its great roomful of untranslated Erse books. The rough and grim Norse legends look almost brutal beside these flowers of fable. Mr. Yeats does not explain why he omits from this collection some of his charming verses from the 'Rhymers' Book' (second series) about those people of the air who seem to have given him the freedom of the city. To him Ireland is "a Druid land, a Druid tune," and the simplicity of its old-time peasant life, the quaint kindliness of its old priests, have an ever-new existence. Some of his very songs are half folk-songs; thus, the following (p. 267) was called originally "An Old Song Resung," and was founded on three lines sung by an old woman in Sligo. "Salley" means "willow."

DOWN BY THE SALLEY GARDENS.

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet;
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

A wholly new edition of 'Skeleton Leaves' has appeared (Longmans), with a preface from which it appears that the author's real name is not, as heretofore announced, Frank Leyton, but Hedley Peek. We have heretofore noticed this volume, and now note with a certain reverence the statement in the preface that the author has read with attention more than a hundred reviews of his book "from all parts of the English-speaking world" and has carefully weighed them all. Another reappearance is that of 'The Magic House, and Other Poems,' by Duncan C. Scott (Boston: Copeland & Day), who is on the whole the best of the new brood of Canadian poets; but it is new only in the title-page, on which the former place of publication was Ottawa. It certainly looks a little like "annexation," in literature at least, when Mr. Scott removes his publication office to Boston, and Mr. Roberts and Mr. Lampman their residence to the United States. But they have all derived a certain flavor of mountain and salt air from Blomidon and Grand Pré which they will retain, it is to be hoped, when transplanted.

The Rev. H. C. Beeching adds another to the library of Christmas selections under the name of 'Christmas Verse' (London: Methuen). To those not surfeited with Walter Crane's mannerisms, it will be a recommendation that this artist illustrates the book. Of the collection it is difficult for the critic to think quite so well as the editor does, and it would be impossible to think much better, judging by his preface. The Christmas compiler who discards "God rest ye, merry gentlemen," as inappropriate, and Domett's noble hymn, "It was the Calm and Silent Night," as forgotten (p. ix), may naturally be found complimenting Drummond of Hawthornden in the notes as being "the Lord De Tabley of the seventeenth century" (p. 171). The remark forcibly suggests that rustic critic who observed to the late Edwin P. Whipple that, as he looked at it, "Go-ethe was the N. P. Willis of Germany." It is fair to say, however, that Mr. Beeching has gleaned a few new pieces not included in the better compilation of a previous year, 'Carols and Poems,' by Mr. A. H. Bullen.

Mr. Ernest Rhys's edition of 'The Lyrical Poems of Sir Philip Sidney' (London: Dent; New York: Macmillan) is not to be compared in attractiveness or in annotation to Mr. Pollard's edition (1888) of the 'Astrophel and Stella' series of poems; and as these comprise more than half the book, the consideration is of some importance. But he adds also the scattered poems from the 'Arcadia' and others from various quarters; and this, with the compactness and cheapness of the little volume, must justify its existence. Mr. Ernest Chambers has achieved a more difficult editorial task in his admirable volume of 'English Pastorals' (Scribners), with a preface which really adds to our thought and knowledge on the subject.

It is perhaps unfortunate that in Mrs. Annie Field's new volume, 'The Singing Shepherd, and Other Poems' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), she unconsciously borrowed for herself the title assumed by the young Australian poet, Miss Eleanor Montgomery. But it is the only thing about the book which is not felicitous, and it stands as the fit, crowning memorial of an eminently gracious and beneficent life. Ever since, during the civil war, she struck its poetic note more finely and sensitively than any one else in 'The Future Summer,' she has produced at intervals a series of poems more marked than those of any other American woman by evenness of texture and elevation of tone. Mrs. Moulton alone equals her in habitual execution, but is shallower in thought and emotion; Helen Jackson and Emily Dickinson are beyond her in passion and originality, but the former of these was often uneven in execution, and the latter had no conception of any such quality as evenness. In this little volume alone we have page after page of calm thought, always fitly clothed, and almost never disappointing. Few women in America have been brought personally in contact with so many fine minds—through her life-long hospitality to the cultivated men and women of two hemispheres—and yet there is no trace here of the undue influence of any one of these; the personal note being just the same as it was thirty years ago, only attuned to a finer expression as the years go on. We take one extract to show the fearless elevation of her thought (p. 60):

ON WAKING FROM A DREAMLESS SLEEP.

I waked: the sun was in the sky,
The face of heaven was fair;
The silence all about me lay
Of morning in the air.

I said, Where hast thou been, my soul,
Since the moon set in the west?
I know not where thy feet have trod,
Nor what has been thy quest.

Where wast thou when Orion past
Below the dark blue sea?
His glittering, silent stars are gone,
Didst follow them for me?

Where wast thou in that awful hour
When first the night wind heard
The faint breath of the coming dawn
And fled before the word?

Where hast thou been, my spirit,
Since the long wave on the shore
Tenderly rocked my sense asleep
And I heard thee no more?

My limbs like breathing marble
Have lain in the warm down;
No heavenly chant, no earthly care
Have stirred a smile or frown.

I wake: thy kiss is on my lips;
Thou art my day, my sun!
But where, O spirit, where wast thou
While the sands of night have run?

Miss Gertrude Hall's translation of 'Poems of Paul Verlaine' (Chicago: Stone & Kimball, "Green Tree Library") is an unusually good piece of work. Verlaine is the most conspicuous figure among the later French poets, and though his personal traits are not in all respects pleasing, he has brought a new element of melody into French verse as distinctly as Swinburne did into English. Both of them may "trench more than needs on the nauseous," in Browning's phrase; but their contributions, apart from that, are not to be ignored. Verlaine's feeling for nature is far be-

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yond the customary conventionalism of French verse; and though his sentiment is usually sentimentality, and of that short-lived quality which recalls the *mot* current, even in Diderot's day, that the Methusaleh among Paris love-affairs died at six days old, yet Miss Hall has bravely ignored this, and even the sentiment seems almost genuine in her hands. She has not yet mastered the art, which almost died with Longfellow, of making a version literal and graceful at the same time. For instance, in the "Colloque Sentimental" she says (p. 13):

"In the deserted park, silent and vast,
Erewhile two shadowy glimmering figures passed.
Their lips were colorless, and dead their eyes;
Their words were scarce more audible than sighs."

But see how much simpler and brighter are the successive touches in the original:

"Dans le vieux parc solitaire, glacé,
Deux formes ont tout à l'heure passé.
Leurs yeux sont morts et leurs lèvres sont molles,
Et l'on entend à peine leurs paroles."

Not that the translation, for a rhymed one, is not passable, but how many phrases and images enter into it, beyond the Dantesque directness of the original! Most of the poems translated by Miss Hall may be found in Carrière's 'Choix de Poésies' of this author; while even that contains some which she has discreetly avoided, and which might well, combined with his sentimentality, have led to the application to Verlaine of the phrase given in his day to Rétif de la Bretonne—*le Rousseau du ruisseau*. It was all the more needful to rescue the best of this soiled man of genius from his worst, and Miss Hall has done it with rare grace and expression.

It seems quite superfluous to complain of the decline of this nation—or even of the city of Boston—in poetry, when Boston still holds a poet who, like Aldrich, has only to stretch his fingers carelessly through his volumes already printed and bring forth a cluster of pearls like his 'Later Lyrics' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co). Who else is there living—and how many dead—who has attained such perfection, not in *vers de société* alone, but in fine and terse utterance? No single poem here can claim to equal Aldrich's noble "Fredericksburg" sonnet, but this comes very near it—the tragedy, not of a nation, but of a soul (p. 68):

ANDROMEDA.

The smooth-worn coin and threadbare classic phrase
Of Grecian myths that did beguile my youth,
Beguile me not as in the olden days:
I think more grief and beauty dwell with truth.
Andromeda, in fetters by the sea,
Star-pale with anguish till young Perseus came,
Less moves me with her suffering than she,
The slim girl figure fettered to dark shames
That nightly haunts the park there, like a shade,
Trailing her wretchedness from street to street.
See where she passes—neither wife nor maid.
How all mere fiction crumbles at her feet!
Here is woe's self, and not the mask of woe;
A legend's shadow shall not move you so!

This seems to us incomparably finer and more powerful, we must own, than the cruder tragedies of Mr. Howells's poems, which have not equally passed through the alembic of the muse, and hence seem not merely more distasteful but less effective. It is hard to say what inherited quality, or what doom of early theology, was upon him when he wrote the series of painful pictures which fill the misnamed pages of 'Stops of Various Quills' (Harpers)—misnamed, because they offer only a monotone of sadness. Rejoicing in the enlarged human interest which has done so much for his fiction, we can only mark with pain the morbidness which the same influence seems to have laid upon his verse. Men of all ways of thinking in this age are generally agreeing that all is not dark, that there is light somewhere; but in Mr. Howells's poetic pages there is none—neither the hope of religion nor the cheerfulness of agnosticism lights them up. Even the genial Mr. Pyle, in his illustrations, lavishes "Melancholia" or "Janua Mortis" on page after page, and sometimes makes even his skeletons grotesque, as where (over poem xv.) one is running and fiddling in pursuit of a plump little boy who is running away and visibly roaring. This occasionally ludicrous effect is the only relief from the more than sombreness of the book, which may easily cast a shadow over the whole lives of many impressible young people who happen to receive it for a Christmas present.

When a man who has been modestly writing patriotic and domestic verses all his life abstains until he is nearly eighty from publishing a volume, he is to be praised at least for the abstinence and congratulated on his life's fulfilment. Mr. Henry Stevenson Washburn's 'The Vacant Chair, and Other Poems' (Silver, Burdett & Co) contains at least one piece, the title poem, which had a wider circulation during the war than its purely poetic merits would justify. In this he was only linked with another author of much wider fame, the Rev. S. F. Smith, D.D., whose thick volume of quite mediocre poetry, 'Poems of Home and Country and Sacred and Miscellaneous Verse' (Silver, Burdett & Co) makes the reader wonder more than ever how fame is won. The immense popularity of "My Country, 'tis of Thee" was grudged by no one to the kindly author who lived long enough to reap his reward of fame almost in one harvesting; yet it is impossible to find the secret of its success in the poem itself. But, as the French saying is, it is not enough to be a great man; one must come *à propos*. Dr. Smith's brief fragment of autobiography and General Carrington's sketch of him are of real value, as showing a simple, wholesome, and stainless life prolonged in years and reaching its fit climax at last. It is pleasant, in our complex and changing civilization, to think that such lives can yet be lived.

Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, who has made himself known in various ways as translator and editor, now issues a small volume of various poems under the name of 'The Hawthorn Tree' (Crowell). Without marked or varied originality, they have an agreeable flavor of cultivation, and the very titles and mottoes are suggestive of choice lore. From his favorite Russian literature he draws this pretty fancy (p. 109):

"O'er the yellow crocus on the lawn
Floats a light white butterfly.
Breezes waft it! See, 'tis gone!
Dushka, little soul, when didst thou die?"

'Poets' Dogs,' collected and arranged by Elizabeth Richardson (Putnams), is a delightfully miscellaneous compilation of poetry about dogs, ranging from Homer and Virgil to Gilder's fine poem of 'Leo.' The plan is well executed, and is so good in itself that one wonders why it never was tried before—if it never has been. 'In Camphor' (Putnams) would be stronger if concentrated into one or two poems. A monotone of grief, however simple and tender, forfeits its effect upon the mind.

Mr. Alfred C. Eastman issues a collection, 'Poems of the Fair' (Boston: Lee & Shepard), whose conception is excellent and its selection good; and while the illustrations (his own) are of a somewhat rough-and-ready description, the showy book may well lie on many a farmhouse table and give pleasure. Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, who has succeeded not merely to the editorship left vacant by Boyle O'Reilly, but to his remarkable gift of writing true American lays with an Irish quill, gives us some ringing and graphic 'Ballads of Blue Water' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.).

Miss Ina Coolbrith, in her 'Songs from the Golden Gate' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), will retain her old readers from the *Overland Monthly* and many who have since known her well-modulated and sometimes unusual and suggestive verse; and Grace Denio Litchfield also issues a volume, 'Mimosa Leaves,' gracefully illustrated by Helen and Margaret Armstrong (Putnams).

Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard, who is not merely a poet's wife, but in her own right a poet, issues her scattered Poems in a volume (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) full of strong conception and vigorous expression, as are her novels, and, like them, sometimes over-condensed and almost always sombre. No one of these poems, perhaps, surpasses in execution her "Mercedes" (p. 90), which appeared many years ago in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

MERCEDES.

Under a sultry, yellow sky,
On the yellow sand I lie;
The crinkled vapors smite my brain,
I smoulder in a fiery pain.

Above the crags the condor flies,
He knows where the red gold lies;
He knows where the diamonds shine.
If I knew, would she be mine?

Mercedes in her hammock swings;
In her court a palm-tree flings
Its slender shadow on the ground.
The fountain falls with silver sound.

Her lips are like this cactus cup;
With my hand I crush it up,
I tear its flaming leaves apart;
Would that I could tear her heart!

Last night a man was at her gate,
In the hedge I lay in wait;
I saw Mercedes meet him there,
By the fireflies in her hair.

I waited till the break of day;
Then I rose and stole away,
But left my dagger in the gate,
Now she knows her lover's fate!

AN ESSAY ON TRUSTS.

Trusts; or, Industrial Combinations and Coalitions in the United States. By Ernst von Halle. Macmillan & Co. 1895.

THE author of this hand-book was requested in 1893, by the Verein für Social-Politik, to make a report on industrial combinations in the United States, and the present volume is one of the results of his report. One is not a mere translation of the other; a great deal of the report has been omitted, and much has been rewritten and rearranged. The appendices contain a collection of valuable legal documents. It should be said that the author was in Chicago in 1893, and his essay shows not only a careful study of the subject, but a very considerable familiarity with the law and institutions, as well as the habits and manners of this country. It should be said, also, that the Verein für Social-Politik is, as its name implies, an organization formed for the purpose of investigating economic and legal questions as they concern society rather than the individual; the author evidently being one of that large number of people who have been infected with the idea that the old "individualistic" political economy is a thing of the past, and that we stand upon the threshold of a new era, in which we are to have a brand-new science, based on a broad view of what society at large wants, fears, and hopes. Whether Herr von Halle is still steadfast in the faith, however, we have grave doubts.

His report, carefully examined, amounts to this: That whatever Trusts may be, or whatever the future of Trusts may have in store for us, thus far they have not produced, nor have

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they shown themselves capable of producing, any of the extraordinary economic effects which their enemies charged them with designing. Summed up in one word, the charge was that Trusts were designed to introduce monopolies; that is, they were to control the markets, to fix prices, and to enjoy as a result what revenues they pleased. Now, as a matter of fact, there is no evidence that they do control markets, they have not been able to regulate prices, and, so far from making what dividends they please, they seem to be able to do so no more than railroads—monsters against whom precisely the same charges were as persistently brought not so many years ago.

On the latter point the proof is overwhelming. At p. 81 is given a table showing the dividends paid by fifteen Trusts on their preferred and common stock; the organizations selected appear to be simply those best known and most assailed on account of their monopolistic tendencies. It may be assumed, therefore, that, to use the language of the late Mr. Gould, they did not go into business for "missionary" purposes, but are just as greedy and eager for dividends as any other corporations in this wicked, weary world. Strange to say, they seem to have had great difficulty in earning money. In these industrial organizations there are usually two classes of stock, common and preferred, besides some bonded indebtedness. As the money which must be provided for interest on the bonds, and to a certain extent the preferred stock, constitute a first charge, in order to get at the actual power to earn profits, whether legitimately, or by fixing prices, or controlling markets, or "squeezing" the public in any other way, we must look at the common stock. If common report, or Herr von Halle, is to be relied upon, the anticipations of those in control of these organizations must have been of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. To the mind of Col. Mulberry Sellers, when he reflected that there are just twice as many eyes in the world as there are people in it, what a fortune there was in store for any one who controlled the patent for his invaluable eye-cure! How much more, then, for him who controls any one of the articles of prime necessity—sugar, cotton, leather, etc. If the astute men of business who organized the great Trusts believed, not a half but a hundredth part of what they were told about their own powers, they showed the most commendable moderation in over-capitalizing the stock of these fifteen concerns, as we are assured they did (p. 80), by from 200 to 500 per cent.

It was a brilliant dream, but the awakening has certainly been rude. Of the fifteen Trusts given, the first has paid no dividends whatever on its common stock; the second none since June, 1893; the fifth none; the seventh none since January, 1893; the ninth none since 1891; the tenth none since March, 1891; the eleventh none since April, 1893; the twelfth none since June, 1893; the thirteenth none since January, 1893; the fourteenth and fifteenth none whatever. Of the remainder, one has paid 2 per cent., one 10, and one 12. One (the Sugar Trust) has paid more, and we all know how. Now for monsters and octopi and Briareuses, it must be said that this is a pretty poor showing. It may, and very likely will, be said, that the explanation is that the officers have stolen all the money. But besides there being no proof of this (except in one or two cases where the extent of the dishonesty is pretty well known), it would prove altogether too much, for capital would no longer seek employment under such conditions. What the table really shows, and what the author himself seems to perceive, is, that the Trusts do not differ from corporations and other aggregations of capital, except in the fact that they are called by a different name; they neither fix prices, nor control markets, nor make what money they please, no matter how much they "overcapitalize" themselves; and, after a panic, they suffer in the same way that all other concerns do.

Most people, from hearing Trusts spoken of as gigantic combinations of capital, which, through their control of the markets of the world, threaten to swallow up everything else, have been led to think of them as overtopping all other corporations. In fact, they do not compare in importance with railroads. The bonded indebtedness of the fifteen concerns referred to above amounts (in round numbers) to $65,000,000, with common and preferred stock in proportion. Any one of a dozen "trunk lines" owes more. To compare such a corporation as the Pennsylvania Railroad or the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy with the notorious Distilling and Cattle Feeding Co., with its beggarly $11,500,000 of debt and $35,000,000 of stock (we take the figures from the table), is to compare a giant with a pigmy. It is hardly necessary to say that, for the control of markets, a railroad has a power compared with which that of a Trust is mere impotence. It is between all "non-competing points" apparently complete master of the field. And yet railroad rates continually go down.

So do all prices. Herr von Halle has no proof to offer that the creation of Trusts has had any appreciable effect in putting prices up or keeping them up; but so far as he offers any evidence it is the other way. A table (p. 73) gives the price of crude and refined petroleum for twenty-four years. The price of the former has sunk with great steadiness from 9.19 in 1870 to 1.50 in 1893; of the latter from 26.35 in 1870 to 5.22 in 1893. Stranger still, a diagram of the prices of sugar for the last fourteen years shows a reasonably steady decline.

"Experience has taught, and probably will make it more and more apparent, that, in the long run, only those Trusts are successful which succeed in steadily cheapening and improving their product. Whenever they have raised prices unwisely, competition, allured by the prospect of great gains, has arisen at once to such an extent as to endanger the very existence of the undertaking. The Starch Trust has attempted for a while to keep prices unreasonably high, and, in consequence of the enormously increased competition, was at one time believed to be on the verge of ruin" (p. 70).

If it be asked why, unless to control prices, Trusts should be formed, the answer is, in order to reduce the expenses of management, and to avoid perpetual underselling for the purpose of gaining control of the market—in other words, ruinous competition. What has made them possible is the telegraph and telephone, and, so far as the consumer is concerned, they come into existence to aid in the process, so important to him, of cheapening production and steadying prices.

Of course, there is no convincing a true "anti-monopolist." But what is meant by a monopoly? A Trust certainly enjoys no legal powers that the companies of which it is composed did not enjoy before. The only difference is that it is a larger concern than any one or more of them. It has no right to prevent any competitor from entering the field and competing with it in production and sale. But this is what a true monopoly would be. The French Government has, for instance, a true monopoly of the sale of tobacco. No one can sell without its permission. When the Standard Oil Company obtains the right to prevent others from producing and selling oil, then it will be a monopoly. The notion of a Trust being a monopoly comes, in the last analysis, from the delusion that it controls prices. Of course, if it could fix a price so *low* as to crush any competitor who appeared, the result would be the same as if it had authority by law to prevent competition; and the argument apparently is that it first fixes prices as low as it pleases to crush out competition, and then as high as it pleases to make dividends. But the fact is that it does neither.

That there are great abuses connected with Trusts is not to be disputed, and of these some striking instances may be found in Herr von Halle's pages. But at the present moment the important question seems to be, as in the case of the anti-pooling railroad law, whether our anti-Trust legislation has not been wholly founded upon a delusion. Those who examine the facts and arguments presented by our author will probably conclude with him that the repeal of the present anti-Trust laws is desirable.

"Passed, as they were, merely for political purposes, even those politicians who sought by their passage to soothe popular feeling do not expect them to be complied with. And the multiplicity of laws of such a character is a great danger to the community. It explains to a large extent the astonishing immorality in politics and in the political thought of large classes. The necessity of circumventing so many laws because they prescribe things simply impossible, must in the long run undermine the sense of legality and respect for law" (p. 147).

As an instance of this sort of circumvention, the following is curious: One of the participants in a pool makes a contract with a mill in Maryland for the delivery of 300,000 tons of rails. This, however, is a mere form; it is not intended that the rails shall be delivered. The important clause in the contract is one which binds the purchaser to pay the seller (in case he does not take the rails) one dollar per ton as a penalty. No rails are made or delivered, but the purchaser refuses to receive any, pays the $300,000 penalty, and the mill goes out of business. Such, at least, is the transaction (p. 62) as we understand it.

RECENT FICTION.

The Amazing Marriage. By George Meredith. 2 vols. Scribners.

The Front Yard, and Other Italian Stories. By Constance Fenimore Woolson. Harper & Bros.

The Red Cockade: A Novel. By Stanley J. Weyman. Harper & Bros. 1895.

"STYLE," Mr. Meredith assures us, "is the mantle of greatness; and say that the greatness is beyond our reach, we may at least pray to have the mantle." But it is almost a Joseph's coat in which he has wrapped 'The Amazing Marriage.' A certain "Dame Gossip" of his has the reader's ear in the first three chapters, and a fine, loosely hung tongue she proves hers to be. Then Mr. Meredith abruptly claps an extinguisher upon her, and takes the floor in his own person, sparing of explanatory words though affluent in symbolic short cuts of speech. The obscurity and difficulty often charged upon his writing—cut down as many of his sentences are to the bareness of an algebraic formula—seem beside the mark to the present reviewer. True, you sometimes have to read a line twice to see ex-

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actly what it means; but what other novelist would you read twice without feeling imposed upon—what other would you think it worth an effort to understand? Ideas make a crabbed style tolerable, and Mr. Meredith's are more numerous to the square inch than you often find in fiction. Far deadlier as a defect than his short-hand style is a certain whimsicality and grotesqueness of execution which marks and mars his latest novel. The "Dame" is for ever bursting in, and his struggles with her loquacity cease to be even amusing after a time, and from the first destroy all sense of artistic repose and finish. It is exasperating to run upon this grimacing just as some passage has almost persuaded you that Meredith was never greater.

As to the substance of his tale, he intimates at the end that his effort has been "to render events as consequent to your understanding as a piece of logic, through an exposure of character." But we are bound to agree with him in thinking this effort "vain" He elaborately provides a parentage for his Carinthia which has passion and reckless impulse for its dominant note, and then flouts heredity by making her a creature of cold tenacity and pulse never off the regular. Her brother is like unto her, and why the pleasure-loving Henrietta should have flung over the Earl of Fleetwood for his penniless self is explained only on the ground that he had a "splendid figure." Fleetwood himself seems a being made up of mutually and violently repellent qualities, though in the great crisis when he could not quite humble himself enough to win back his estranged wife, finding it easier to renounce wealth and rank and turn monk, he almost wears an air of humanity and consistency. His marriage is truly amazing, though not for the reasons intimated in the book—its suddenness and whim, that is, the grotesque circumstances of it, the wife's placid acquiescence in insult and abandonment. These things might have overcome us without our special wonder, but that a loveless union should have developed in the deserted wife an ideal worship of her husband which outlasted ill treatment of all kinds and endured every form of profligacy except tricking her brother out of a wager (this was what destroyed the last trace of wifely devotion); that Fleetwood himself should have come, too late, to love madly an unseen wife whom, seeing, he had loathed—this surely is amazing to the point of flat incredibility. Perhaps Mr. Meredith is most of all contemptuous of his reader's understanding, however, in his treatment of his young cynic and philosopher, Gower Woodseer. Brought early and ostentatiously under Carinthia's spell, only to cheat reasonable expectation, he is sent off cheerfully to marry a prize-fighter's buxom and tender-hearted leaving. He might at least have stopped making epigrams after that. Disappointed as we must feel, therefore, with 'The Amazing Marriage' as an "exposure of character," we yet cannot deny it that distinction of style, that lavishness in ideas—there are enough in these two volumes to equip a smaller novelist for life—and that constant striking at big game, which have given Mr. Meredith his place.

The volume of Italian tales by the late Miss Woolson displays her amiability and grace more abundantly than her stronger qualities. All the stories are about Americans long domiciled in Italy, pursuing art, society, and climate, and enjoying that idleness which is cheaper and less invidious in Europe than at home. They are easy-going, pleasant people, their national traits surviving exile, and their ridiculous or contemptible aspects so softened by the author's kindliness and humor that the absurd appears a little pathetic and the ignoble not altogether base. Only one incident, "Neptune's Shore," weighs heavily on the spirits. The tragic moment here comes too suddenly and harshly. It may be doubted whether the satisfactory portrayal of a man of Byronic moods came within Miss Woolson's scope; at all events, the sketch of John Ash strikes us as the least spontaneous and natural she ever made. Her competent grasp of American character and the American point of view is finely illustrated in the story of "The Front Yard." The incongruity between Prudence Wilkins of Ledham, New Hampshire, and the Guadagnis of Assisi is obviously provocative of laughter; any one might see the fun, but few are those who could observe so nicely and depict so truthfully the tearful side of Prudence's attitude towards the awful family imposed on her by marriage with the fascinating Tonio. Her lifelong toleration of the termagant grandmother, the disreputable uncle, the handsome, worthless stepchildren, and the accumulated dirt of centuries, is a touching example of Puritan principles triumphing over the world, the flesh, and a family of devils incarnate. The stories turning on social complications are more commonplace than "The Front Yard," yet in all of them we feel "the touch of a vanished hand" and hear "the sound of a voice that is still."

Every one who has read Mr. Stanley Weyman's books and followed his meteoric career as an historical novelist, must have felt morally certain that, sooner or later, he would write a novel or series of novels of which the scene would be laid in France during the period of the Revolution. Where Dumas and Dickens and scores of others have failed, Mr. Weyman has not succeeded. He has had the wisdom, indeed, in 'The Red Cockade,' to lay his scene in the French provinces during the early months of the Revolution, and not in Paris during the Reign of Terror; but this is not because he feels himself incompetent to deal with that difficult period, for he threatens, towards the end of 'The Red Cockade,' to carry the history of his characters further into the days when the guillotine bore sway. It need hardly be said that he treats the French Revolution after the usual conventional English fashion. He represents the peasants as a set of brutish and savage beasts, though it has been proved to demonstration by recent French writers that the French peasants were much better educated under the *ancien régime* than they were for the half century that succeeded the Revolution, while the haughty nobleman of fiction, striking people with his cane, defying the *canaille*, and dying at their hands, plays his usual part. As a novel, 'The Red Cockade' does not deserve criticism, but it may be worth while to point out at least one of its most glaring errors. A Protestant nobleman is introduced who declares (p. 266) that he is excluded from all office, that he cannot appear at court, and that in the eyes of the law he does not exist. Now the most cursory knowledge of French history would have shown Mr. Weyman that the French Protestants had been by no means badly treated during the reign of Louis XVI., and that full civil rights were granted to them by royal edict in 1787. But it is not so much in his actual facts as in the general tone of his novel that Mr. Weyman exhibits his ignorance of the history of the period with which he deals.

A Literary Pilgrimage among the Haunts of Famous British Authors. By Theodore F. Wolfe, M.D., Ph.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1895.

Literary Shrines: The Haunts of Some Famous Americans. By Theodore F. Wolfe, M.D., Ph.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great. By Elbert Hubbard. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1895.

So far as the outward appearance of Mr. Wolfe's books is concerned, it is only their color which confesses their close relationship to the guide-book family, and this may be an accidental trait. They are as pretty specimens of book-making as one could wish to see. The method is not to take up an author and follow him topically through the successive stages of his life, but to go from place to place, and, emphasizing the associations of each in turn with the most celebrated person of its vicinity, then proceed to gather up the minor associations of the locality; consequently we find ourselves returning to one author after another time and time again. Dealing with literary celebrities, the books nevertheless fail of being literary productions. Their rhetoric inclines to that of the panoramic delineator, while the poets, and especially the poetesses, are too uniformly "sweet." But evidently the author has been a diligent traveller, and he has been to many places that are rich in literary associations. He depends, however, much more upon his reading than on his personal observation for his matter, and he interlards his sentences with a multitude of quoted words and phrases that make his style a kind of frosty stubble, possibly justified by the necessity thus laid upon us of hearing the celebrity speak for himself of his beloved haunts.

Sometimes the writer's own description, where we can check him, is infelicitous. "Sumptuous" is certainly not the right word for the home of the Sargents where the Boston Radical Club held its meetings. The geography of the coast of Massachusetts in the vicinity of Salem is not a little mixed (p. 139), and mention is made of Celia Thaxter's "gifted poet-brother" (p. 140), where the relationship was not so close. There is no attempt to make the emphasis proportionate to the celebrity of the personal subjects. No friend of Robert Collyer will object to the half-dozen pages accorded him in the Yorkshire chapter (in which Haworth's "pavement of rude stones" does not tally with our recollection of their precarious smoothness); but why should the mention of Bryant be merely casual, and, although so brief, incorrect in some particulars? The statement connecting "Thanatopsis" with Williamstown can hardly be made good, and Hampshire, not Berkshire, furnished the material of his happiest woodland inspirations. The statement about Lowell's grave is certainly open to the construction that his headstone bears the motto, "Good Night, Sweet Prince!" A few things of this sort which one stumbles on in the most casual reading, breed a fear of wider haste and carelessness; but much patient grubbing must have gone to the amassing of so many local and personal details, and the connection established between an author's work and his surroundings is often interesting.

Mr. Hubbard's 'Little Journeys' is very differently conceived from Mr. Wolfe's two volumes. Like those, it is extremely pleasant to the eye, but it touches only a dozen people of reputation where Mr. Wolfe's volumes deal with

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as many score, and is much less specific in its descriptions of localities. Either Mr. Hubbard's acquaintance with them is as casual as that of the average tourist, or he is indifferent to them except as points of departure for his discursive comments. Once on the spot, he cares more for some incident, personal to himself, reflecting the provincial inappreciation of a world-wide fame, than for any physical details. Moreover, he is sparing of such facts as the encyclopædias furnish, preferring to give us something of his own. The quality of this is mixed, but, with much that is the overflow of mere animal spirits, there is much of happy characterization and genuine appreciation. The parallel between our ignorance of Shakspere and George Eliot is worse than silly, it is so recklessly untrue. And, however ignorant we may be of George Eliot's beginnings, Mr. Hubbard has done nothing to enlighten us. If anything can be gathered from his inarticulate statement, it is that she was born at Nuneaton, as she was not, and that she spent her childhood in the house where she was born, whereas in fact she left it for Griff House when she was but four months old, and at Griff House, of which Mr. Hubbard has not a word, she spent the first twenty-one years of her life.

For the sake of readers who will certainly be discouraged by the thinness of the initial sketch, it should be said that the others are much better. But Mr. Hubbard does not tell us from what private sources he got his impression of Mrs. Carlyle as a gentle, patient woman, content to be a worm beneath her husband's grinding heel. All the sources heretofore made public suggest a different opinion, and one entirely favorable to Mrs. Carlyle's ability to take care of herself in an interchange of domestic incivilities. The Ruskin paper has the advantage of reporting a visit to its hero, but at Hawarden Mr. Gladstone was not at home. All the other papers deal with people who are dead and gone, the last with Shakspere; its conclusion being a plea for a Shakspere monument in England, not for his glory, but for her honor.

This Goodly Frame, the Earth: Stray Impressions of Scenes, Incidents, and Persons in a Journey touching Japan, China, Egypt, Palestine, and Greece. By Francis Tiffany. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1895. Pp. 364.

THE word "touching" on Mr. Tiffany's title-page is appropriate in more than one sense. His motto, everywhere save in Japan, was "Touch and go." His days on Chinese ground were about five. He escaped the leading-strings in which personally conducted Innocents are led captive, except on the Nile, where Thomas Cook was sovereign, and yet he seldom got out of the rut worn by Cook's tourists. In fact, many of the wonders which these pilgrims often behold were beyond his tether. Such were the Inland Sea of Japan; Fateh-pur, that grander Pompeii; and all India south of Pondicherry; above all, ten days up the Yang-tse to Han-kow, and as many on horseback from Jerusalem to Damascus. When Mr. Tiffany bade adieu to Egypt he had already supped full of globe-trotting, and the hungry edge of his appetite was dulled. "Constantinople" figures as a heading in his table of contents, but he confesses that he did not go there at all. Though he did turn aside for a day at Baalbec, rain appears to have prevented his inspecting its quarry and Trilithon. To Greece, though it shows five titles in the list of topics, he said Hail!—and, in some five days, Farewell! But scarcely any world-circler has surpassed our traveller in discerning and describing the salient points in all the mighty maze through which he wandered at will. In gazing on the Taj Mahal, Sir Edwin Arnold overflowed with a no more superfusive rhapsody of words. The multitudinous flies settling undisturbed on a naked Egyptian infant he constrains to contribute to the interpretation of Egyptian character and history. In India he deduces a characteristic proof of predestination from a baby monkey clinging with all four hands to the belly of its acrobatic mother. Not a few such trifles are turned to account so cunningly that to us they are no longer trifles.

Not many pages can one read in these "Stray Impressions" before the Scriptural flavor and aroma betray a minister, and that one who understands better than most of his order, or of any order, how to use the best words of the best of books without abusing them. Ere long it is borne in upon the reader more and more that he has to do with a volume of sermons, if not in form yet in fact; and one that would have been published under that name, had not sermons, for obvious reasons, become a tainted word. Though the reader, like the present writer, live a thousand miles from Boston, he is sure that every experience of the minister abroad first turned out a song and then turned out a sermon. And he is glad of it: each exalts the other. The Scriptural illustrations and accommodations are pat and apposite. A faulty word now and then (as "*later* rain" for latter) should probably be laid to the printer's charge. This, however, is more than can be said of "vultures" for eagles (p. 317). Much less can such a defence be made—not even through appeal to the Revised Version—for the phrase, "Now lettest thou thy servant die," put into the mouth of Elijah (I. Kings xix, 4), which not only is a misquotation, but mars and even contradicts the meaning. But our preacher wrests a certain Moslem legend more than Scripture. That myth, as he gives it, holds that, "after their expulsion from the garden of Eden, Adam and Eve were penally transported to Ceylon" (p. 149). But, according to Moslem books, the orthodox view is that Adam only and alone was penally transported to Ceylon; that he built to the mainland the bridge which still bears his name, and went in search of his wife, who had been penally transported to Arabia, where she was found at the end of 200 years. (See Hughes, 'Moslem Dictionary.')

In supposing that, previous to the Cook invasion, all tourists ascended the Nile by dahabiyeh, our recent voyager is somewhat mistaken. Long before, when the Khedive bought a new steamer for the delectation of his harem, his habit was to present the old one to some minion. Such a vessel was offered to strangers for a voyage to the Cataract, and afforded the present writer, among others, nearly thirty years ago, much more comfort than he obtained in 1891 from the navy that Cook had built. At Jeypore an elephant belonging to the Maharajah was sent for Mr. Tiffany and his friend to ride up and down a mountain. This is dilated on as a mark of special favor, the crowning mercy in an *itinerarium ecstaticum*. But such elephants are as plentiful as blackberries. They are never refused to any Cook tourist. One was sent to the present writer, though he was not of that crowd. The mahout gets a rupee, his master gets glory, the elephant exercise, and the rider adds several cubits to his stature.

Modern travellers, affecting a sort of incognito, refuse to disclose the year of their peregrination. Nor is our author above this infirmity, but his chronicle at last proves a tell-tale. His adventures were after the locomotive had reached Jerusalem and before the Japanese invaded China; that is, he rounded the world during the last lustrum.

Impressions and Memories. By James Ashcroft Noble. London: Dent; New York: Putnams. 1895. 12mo, pp. 173.

MR. NOBLE, known to Americans as the author of an interesting, if not indispensable, book on the sonnet, has collected in a pretty volume various fugitive essays with a wide variety of titles. The introductory disquisition inveighs against the heresy of scientific criticism so called, and somewhat mistily extols criticism as "persuasion—the justification of impressions." So far as a solution of the familiar vexed question is concerned, the discussion does not much help us on. Mr. Noble's own Impressions, however, are distinctly readable, and are sometimes characterized by a quality which, unless too rudely examined, passes agreeably for subtlety. Thus, in fruitful vein the writer essays an elaboration of Hawthorne's paradox that a selfish person may be lovable. Later there is a suggestive scrap about the relation of music and form—with never a word, however, concerning the symbolists or the apposite speculations of various musicians. Elsewhere we have a blithe contention that the hypocrites of fiction—the Pecksniffs and Blifils—are monsters unknown in real life; that Bulstrode is your real hypocrite—a man under the sway of a double set of impulses, which by sophisms he makes to harmonize. So the author flits on from one ingenuity to another, warily avoiding all tedious stays.

Mr. Noble's applied criticism is sympathetic and careful, but it is not learned. He writes, for instance, with delicate appreciation of Holmes, and, again, he succeeds in lauding Du Maurier's pictures without reminding us of Mr. James's more pretentious tribute. But when he comes to discuss the music of prose, he makes the surprising assertion that not until recently has the doctrine gained general assent that metre is inadmissible in good prose. If we err not, that doctrine has been a commonplace of critics from Aristotle to Dryden and from Dryden to Prof. Saintsbury. Again, most appraisers of literature would shrink, we dare say, from concurring in Mr. Noble's notion that "true simplicity is a grace of instinct given in our century to but two singers—William Blake and Christina Rossetti." A rash dictum surely from any point of view, recalling Swinburne by its extravagance. There are other minor matters in which Mr. Noble's care relaxes, as when (p. 13) he gives Mr. Lang, rather than Arnold, first credit for the happy phrase, prose "of the centre."

After all, the most likable thing about these varied and versatile sketches is not the general fairness of their criticism, nor the obvious excellence of their flexible English, but a certain tone of humanity and modest manliness. A writer must possess something better than mere skill with words or mere feeling for literature if he is to rehearse with Mr. Noble's fitness the goodness of an Annie Keary—that brightest friend of children—or the spiritual tenderness of a Christina Rossetti. The author's fineness of nature is visible from the first, in the very dedication to his children—quite a flawless thing in its way.

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The Journal of Countess Françoise Krasinska, great-grandmother of Victor Emmanuel. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

NOT for a long time have we seen so entertaining a book as this. It gives, with charming naïveté, a picturesque account of high life in Poland at the middle of the last century—a life still pervaded by feudal traditions and customs. Countess Krasinska's father lived in a great château where retainers of all degrees, from the sons of barons to the peasant serfs, surrounded him. Knights trooped after him when he went to visit his neighbors; the seneschal looked to the portcullis; a dwarf played the buffoon to amuse him. In brief, one sees such a social environment as belongs to one of Shakspere's comedies, only in this case the list of *dramatis personæ* is composed of real personages—Czartoryskis, Poniatowskis, Lubomirskis, and many others familiar, by name at least, to the student of Polish history. As an historical document, therefore, these journals of the precocious sixteen-year-old Countess have great value, as has, for a view of the same feudal life at the bottom of society, the autobiography of Solomon Maimon. The Countess writes with all the vivacity of a girl who does not suspect that the glamour will pass, but withal she has very keen eyes, that see just those details which posterity is most interested in and rarely finds in formal histories. *Weltschmerz* has not yet invaded the neighborhood of Fanny Krasinska. She is as innocently vain, as easily delighted by simple customs, her heart throbs as gayly when this or that nobleman condescends to speak to her, as if she were a heroine in an old romance. And then she, too, learns the human lesson of sorrow, through her secret marriage with the king's son, and his long neglect of her. As one reads, there comes the vision of her daughter, married to Charles of Savoy, dancing the *carmagnole* for the delectation of French Republican soldiers, and one reflects how soon that old feudal society was shattered for ever.

So far as we are aware, this journal has not been published in Poland, but the translation which Countess Kasimir Dziekonska has made is almost uniformly excellent. The pretty little book has illustrations—a process reproduction of Angelica Kauffmann's portrait of Françoise Krasinska, a view of the ruined castle of Maleszow, etc.—which add to its interest.

North American Shore Birds: A History of the Snipes, Sandpipers, Plovers and their Allies, etc., etc. A Reference Book for the Naturalist, Sportsman, and Lover of Birds. By Daniel Giraud Elliot. 8vo, pp. 268, with 75 plates. New York: Francis P. Harper. 1895.

MR. ELLIOT'S work is designed especially for sportsmen and bird-lovers, and is hence written in non-technical language. Scientific phraseology has, as far as possible, been carefully avoided, and the few scientific terms it has been found necessary to use are carefully explained at the outset. The birds treated in this volume all belong to the order Limicolæ, and include the phalaropes, plovers, turnstones, oystercatchers, and all the numerous species known as snipes and sandpipers. Many of them, as their ordinal name implies, are literally "dwellers in the mud," in that they frequent the beaches of the lake and sea, the banks of streams, and muddy flats; some, however, are upland birds, inhabiting dry prairies and pastures, though in general more or less partial to moist situations. The distinction between snipes and sandpipers is not easily drawn, and in popular use the terms are often rather loosely applied; nor is there in reality a very sharp boundary between the two groups. The plovers, however, form a well-marked family, differing markedly in various points of structure, and generally in style of coloration, from the great snipe-sandpiper group. While the various species of plovers are as a rule easily discriminated, the case is quite different among the snipes and sandpipers, where the expert is often at a loss to classify specimens in immature or winter plumages. Mr. Elliot's book, with its detailed, non-technical descriptions, its helpful illustrations (each species being figured), and its very carefully prepared keys and analytical tables, will be a most welcome aid to hosts of sportsmen and bird-lovers in determining and duly discriminating the many puzzling forms among the seventy-five species here treated.

For the most part the birds of this order occur merely as spring and fall migrants in the middle and lower latitudes, their breeding-grounds being the colder parts of the northern hemisphere, often within the arctic circle. Except during the short breeding season, they are great wanderers, many passing in winter far beyond the equator into the southern hemisphere. Comparatively few species breed over any considerable part of the United States. Hence it is the lot of most students of bird life to know them for only a brief season, and only as hasty migrants, journeying to and from their northern home. Mr. Elliot's condensed, well-written, and thoroughly trustworthy biographies will thus prove most welcome to students who would know something of the life histories of these interesting and in many ways peculiarly attractive birds. The author, both as an ornithologist and as a sportsman, has had unusual opportunities for acquaintance with the birds in life, and thus writes to a large extent from personal observation; yet few indeed are the observers who have penetrated to the far northern homes of these lovers of arctic breeding-grounds, so that necessarily much that is here told is borrowed from other authors. The author makes a general acknowledgment of his indebtedness in his preface, but possibly a few explicit references to his principal sources of information would be of interest to some of his more inquiring readers.

Notwithstanding the many popular bird books that have recently appeared, there was still need for such a one as Mr. Elliot has so well supplied. The seventy-five full-page plates are effective reproductions of artistic drawings made especially for the work by the well-known bird artist, Mr. Edwin Sheppard of Philadelphia. The publisher has done his share in the production of a beautiful book, which in literary execution and scientific accuracy does credit to the high reputation of its author as an ornithologist.

The Constitution of the United States at the End of the First Century. By George S. Boutwell. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1895.

MR. BOUTWELL'S purpose in this work, as he informs us in his preface, is to set forth in a concise form the substance of such of the leading decisions of the United States Supreme Court as explain or interpret the Constitution. He adds that an examination of these decisions "renders unavoidable the conclusion that the Constitution of the United States, in its principles and in its main features, is no longer the subject of controversy, of debate, or of doubt." After the extraordinary judicial proceedings connected with the recent attempt to impose an income tax, this statement is startling; but it is explained by the fact that Mr. Boutwell's preface was written in March of the present year. Yet even at that date the conclusion must be regarded as too sweeping, and a careful examination of this compilation shows that several matters of importance which are not altogether beyond controversy have been overlooked by the author. Thus, the great case of Munn vs. Illinois, which involved the right of the State legislatures to declare property to be affected with a public use, and to regulate the income derived from such property, and which has been gravely questioned in some recent opinions, is cited only as concerning the restraint of the attempts of the States to impose discriminating taxes on interstate commerce. The "Granger Cases," as they were called, also involved points that have not been considered as finally settled; but we cannot find that Mr. Boutwell has considered them at all. The subject involved—the prescription of rates of fare on railways—is not mentioned in the index under any head that we have been able to think of, nor have we had better success in searching the table of cases. Again, in the "Slaughterhouse Cases," the important points in the decisions are not suggested by the citations here, and in a number of instances we do not find the principal issue adequately set forth. In view of the Constitution now making in South Carolina, and of that in force in Mississippi, it is idle to say, so far as the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution are concerned, that there can be neither controversy nor debate nor doubt. It is quite obvious that these constitutions abridge the right to vote upon other grounds than the commission of crime; but whether the fourteenth amendment will be held by the Supreme Court to be violated or not is certainly a doubtful question, and one that is likely to arouse controversy.

When we find that but little more than 200 pages of the book are devoted to the exposition of the constitutional questions decided by the Supreme Court in the course of a century, we cease to be surprised at such deficiencies as we have noted above. The task could not be properly performed within such limits. We cheerfully recognize the industry displayed by the author in collecting and analyzing these constitutional cases, and we regard the conception of the work as a good one, but it ought to be carried out on a different scale. It is impossible to present a great constitutional question in a nutshell; there are historical and political references to be introduced which are necessary to the proper understanding of the cases, and such matter requires space for its setting forth. Mr. Boutwell's work has merit as a summary of constitutional decisions, although we cannot regard it as complete; but it does not deserve to take rank as a constitutional manual or commentary. It contains copies of the Declaration of Independence and of the Articles of Confederation, and a chapter on the Origin and Progress of Independence, which might well have given place to more relevant matter. It contains also, in addition to a table of cases and a general index, an analytical index to the Constitution which is extremely elaborate. We repeat, the plan of the work is a good one, and some additional labor on the part of the author would greatly increase its value.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A Daughter of the King. F. T. Neely.
Aiken, Catherine., Methods of Mind-Training. Harpers. $1.

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King, Grace. New Orleans, the Place and the People. Illustrated. Macmillan. $2.50.
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Lightfoot, Rev. J. B. Historical Essays. Macmillan. $1.50.
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Society-List, 1895-6. Brentanos. $3.
Spielmann, M. H. The History of *Punch*. New York: The Cassell Publishing Co. $4.00.
"Spot." An Autobiography. Whittaker. $1.
Stables, Dr. Gordon. How Jack Mackenzie Won his Epaulettes: A Story of the Crimean War. T. Nelson & Sons. $1.25.
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Stoddard, Elizabeth. Poems. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
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The *Century*. May-Oct., 1895. Century Co. $3.
Wiggin, Kate D., and Smith, Nora A. Froebel's Gifts. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
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